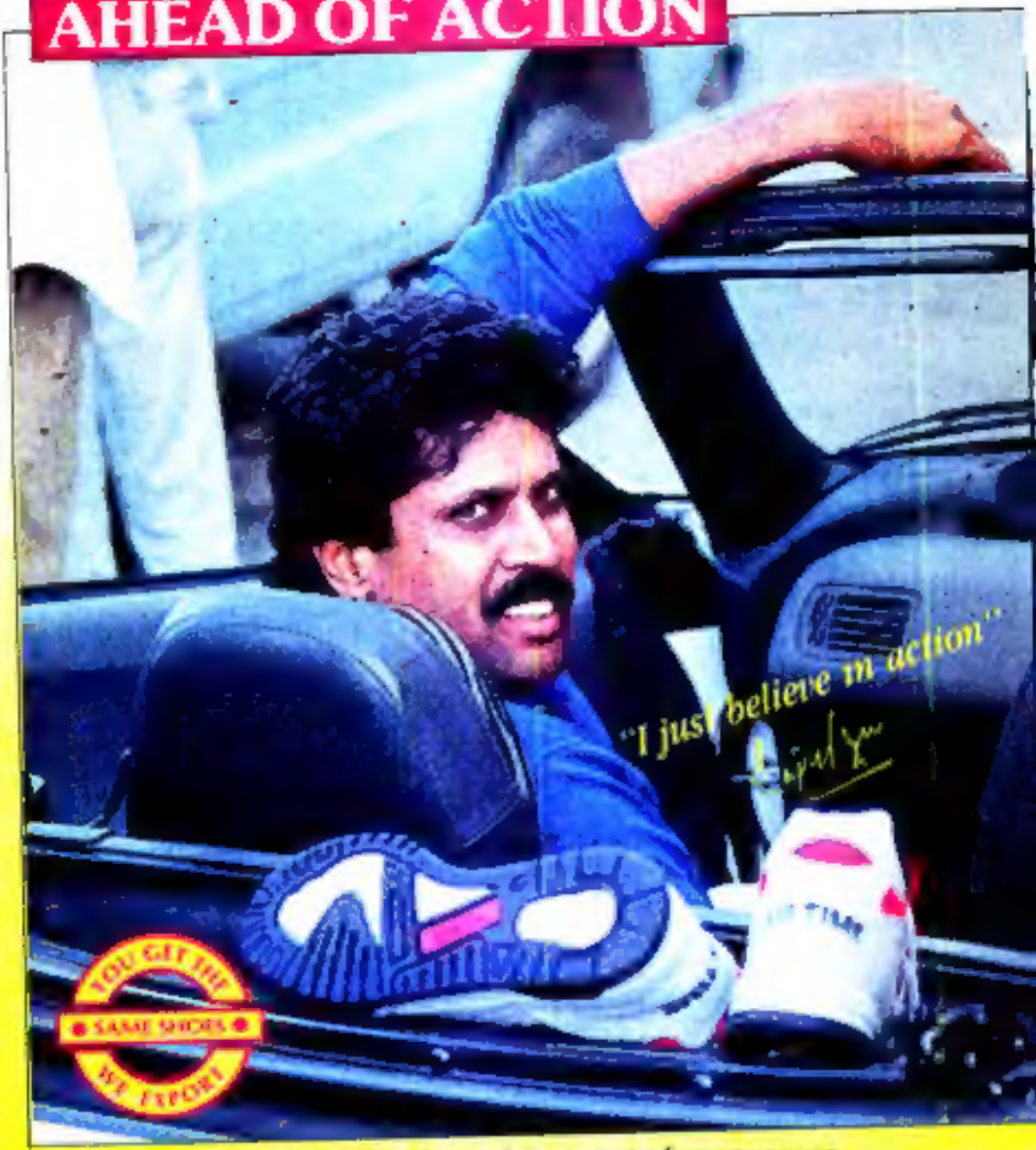
GOKULAM

The monthly magazine for children

May 1993
Rs. 3.00

FUN 'N' FROLIC ISSUE!

AHEAD OF ACTION



Action has always been part of my success.
Through all the excitement, through all the glory and acti
action always keeps me ahead.

opener SKIPPER

SHOES FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

action SHOES

Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children.
— William Canton.

Vol. V, No. 11

GOKULAM

May 1993

Dear children,

When this issue reaches you, the hot and scorching Indian summer will be in full swing. Huge piles of watermelons and tender coconuts, will be competing with cool drinks to catch your attention.

As the hot afternoon sun sink in the west, it is time for you to get out of the confines of your house and play interesting games.

In this issue, we have lots of indoor and outdoor activity for you.

We hope it makes the hot month of May so interesting, that you actually look forward to it the next time round!

Wish you a most enjoyable Summer Holiday!

Love,

Editor.

IN

GOKULAM

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Cover Illustration : LALITHA

LETTER BOX

Dear Editor,

➡ Last week, an ice-cream company announced an *Ice-Cream Eating Competition* in our school. Many children, including me, decided to take part. It was to be held at a certain hall at 10.00 a.m. So we were told to be there at 9.00 a.m. itself.

The competition was for all students from the 5th to the 8th standard. After a long wait, it began at 10.45 a.m. So many of us were hungry and irritated. The students of the 5th who got through the semi-finals, had to wait till 4.00 p.m. How could they ask 5th standard children to stay back, that too, without lunch?

The competition for the 6th standard began only at 11.45 a.m. Many parents, who lived far away, came many times to see if the competition was over. At last, they took their children away. It was a waste of Re. 10/-. The competition was not well-organized at all. Isn't that cheating?

Anuradha J., aged 12,
Visakhapatnam - 530 003.

Dear Editor,

➡ I read 'Geetha Learns a Lesson' by Mythili in the March '93 issue.

But that story had already been published in another children's magazine a few years ago, under the title 'Vinitha Learns a Lesson'. Mythili has simply changed the name, but the story is the same.

I request 'Gokulam' readers not to repeat such mistakes again and again.

V. Pratha,
St. Theresas Girls H.S.,
K.G.F.

Dear Editor,

➡ The story of the Undir family *(T.V. Trouble)* (March '93 issue) was excellent. It was the same case in our house too.

I used to hate it when my parents did not allow me to watch T.V. But now I know why.....

E.R. Thirunarayan,
aged 15,
Bangalore - 38.

Dear Editor,

➡ I am deeply disturbed by the way the crowd behaved during the cricket matches between England and India. Such things

like throwing rubbish and stones on the English players can affect our country's reputation. Guests are an incarnation of God, as a Sanskrit *shloka* says. I regret such behaviour and apologise to the players who have been victims of such acts.

B. Vijayalakshmi,
Bangalore - 55.

Dear Editor,

➡ I once asked my school friend whether she could help me find some penfriends. She gave me few books which had the penpals' page. One among them was *'Gokulam'*.

I noted down the names of some penpals, and read the stories in the books. I found *'Gokulam'* the most interesting. Since then, I am a subscriber, and a regular reader.

Lakshmi, aged 13,
Cochin - 25.

Dear Editor,

➡ Our school exhibition was held on a Friday. I was asked to do some of the project work the previous day. I was really foxed. The teacher gave me two project ideas - *'Rajiv Gandhi'* and *'Ayodhya'*.

I completed them, and they were put up in the exhibition hall. When I went home, I saw my sisters reading *'Gokulam'*. I read the book too, and saw the poem *'Ayodhya'* by Kavitha Viswanathan. I copied it on a chart and wrote *'Gokulam'* under it. I put it up in the exhibition.

Everybody appreciated it, including my principal. I told them all that it was from *'Gokulam'*, as everyone asked whether, I wrote it. But the credit really goes to Kavitha.

Thank you Kavitha.

B. Lakshmi Subhashini, aged 13,
M.C.T.M. H.S. School,
Madras.

Snippets from our readers

➡ The cover story 'The Last Abode' (April issue) was very interesting. Please publish more about the animal kingdom.

C. Vasanth,
Madras - 61.

➡ I liked 'Autobiography of a Raincoat' and 'The Magic Stone' in the April issue.

D. Misha, aged 12,
Palakkad - 678 013.

➡ My grandmother wants to know if *'Gokulam'* is published in any other language.

Sarvajitham, aged 12,
Bangalore - 12.

It is published in Tamil too. *Ed.*

➡ I have written a story to send to you. But I don't know the rules and regulations.

B. Shankar Ganesh, aged 12,
Bombay - 400 078.

No rules and regulations at all, Ganesh. Just send it to us, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want it returned, in case it is not accepted for publication. *Ed.*

➡ Can you give me the address where I can send my articles?

Dewitt Johnson,
Baroda - 340 018.

The address given on page 96 is the right one. *Ed.*

CLASS LAUGHS!

G. K. Nil!

The last period of our classes at school, was often Social Studies. We all found it boring, and many would be caught yawning, sleeping, etc.

Our teacher, seeing that the whole class was bored, decided to pep things up a bit.

"Who was the first president of the U.N.?"

As nobody was listening to her, there was no answer from the class.

Our teacher was angry and cried, "G.K. nil!" meaning that our knowledge of general knowledge was nil.

The whole class sat up alarmed.

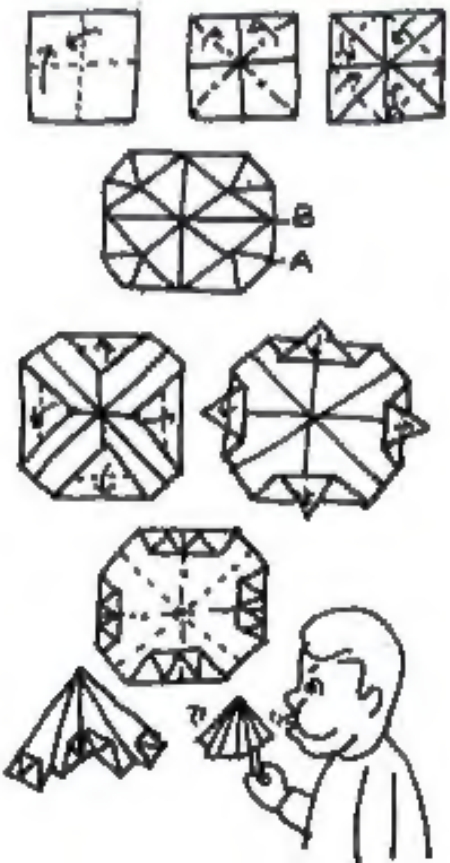
The teacher repeated the question.

A boy dozing in the corner till now, woke up with a start.

"The first president of the U.N.," he answered smartly. "Was G.K. Nil!"

The whole class burst out laughing.

Sangeetha, aged 15,
Hyderabad - 500 762



ORIGAMI

Umbrella-wheel : Use an oil paper of size 5" x 5".

Open paper after making creases.

Fold line A to line B. Fold all 4 corners the same way.

Fold along the lines and make it 3 – dimensional.

Place a pencil or thick stick beneath the umbrella shape, and watch it spin when you blow on it!

Shree

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KUMARAG

Along the banks of the river Porunai, in the district of Tirunelveli, are nine holy places. One of them is Srivaikuntam, famous for its Siva and Vishnu temples. In one such Siva temple, lived a number of devotees. One of them was Shanmuga Sihamani Kavirayar, a well-known Tamil scholar and an ardent devotee of Lord Muruga. He lived with his wife Sivakama Sundari. They were a childless for long time.

At last, their prayers were answered and Sivakama Sundari gave birth to a son, whom they named Kumaraguruparar (another name for Lord Muruga). The couple were overjoyed and looked forward to the day when the child would call them, "Amma! Appa!"

But alas! To their horror, they found that their son would not speak. Five years passed. Yet the boy remained mute. Kavirayar and his wife finally decided, "We'll take the boy to Tiruchendur, to the shrine of Lord Muruga."

The next morning they left for Tiruchendur, which lies nearly twenty-five kilometres from Srivaikuntam. It is one of the six abodes of Lord Muruga in Tamil Nadu, and lies on the sea-shore. (The other five are situated atop hills.)

The couple decided to fast and meditate before the lord. Forty five days passed. Then, one evening, as the sun sank into the horizon, the temple priest told Kumaraguruparar, "Come child! Offer your prayers to Muruga."

It was an unusual invitation.

Kavirayar and his wife, followed their son and the priest into the sanctum.

And to the amazement of all present, the boy opened his

mouth and lisped his first few words. The next moment, a torrent of words spilled forth — and he sang verse after verse in praise of Lord Muruga.

His parents and other onlookers were dumbstruck. A boy, who could not speak at all, was composing poetry!

The whole composition ran into more than a hundred verses, and came to be known as the *'Kandar Kali Venba'*, glorifying Muruga. This was the first literary work of the child-saint, Kumaraguruparar.

A few years later, while still a boy, the young saint left home to visit different temples. He came to be known as Kumaraguruparar Swamigal.

At that time, the ruler of Madurai, was Thirumalai Naicker. One night, he had a strange dream, in which the goddess Meenakshi told him, "Thirumalai! Hear me! Kumaraguruparar has composed a literary poem on me. Arrange for its public recitation."

The next morning, the raja visited the mutt where the swamigal was staying, with his ministers and retinue. He explained the Divine Mother's wish to Kumaraguruparar.

Soon, all arrangements for a public recitation were made.

JRUPARAR

Scholars and devotees arrived in large numbers. The raja and his ministers were present too. The saint was about to begin the recitation. Just then, the little daughter of the temple priest came and sat on Thirumalai Naicker's lap.

Guruparar prayed to the goddess and began his recitation. Five days passed. More and more people gathered to listen to his work.

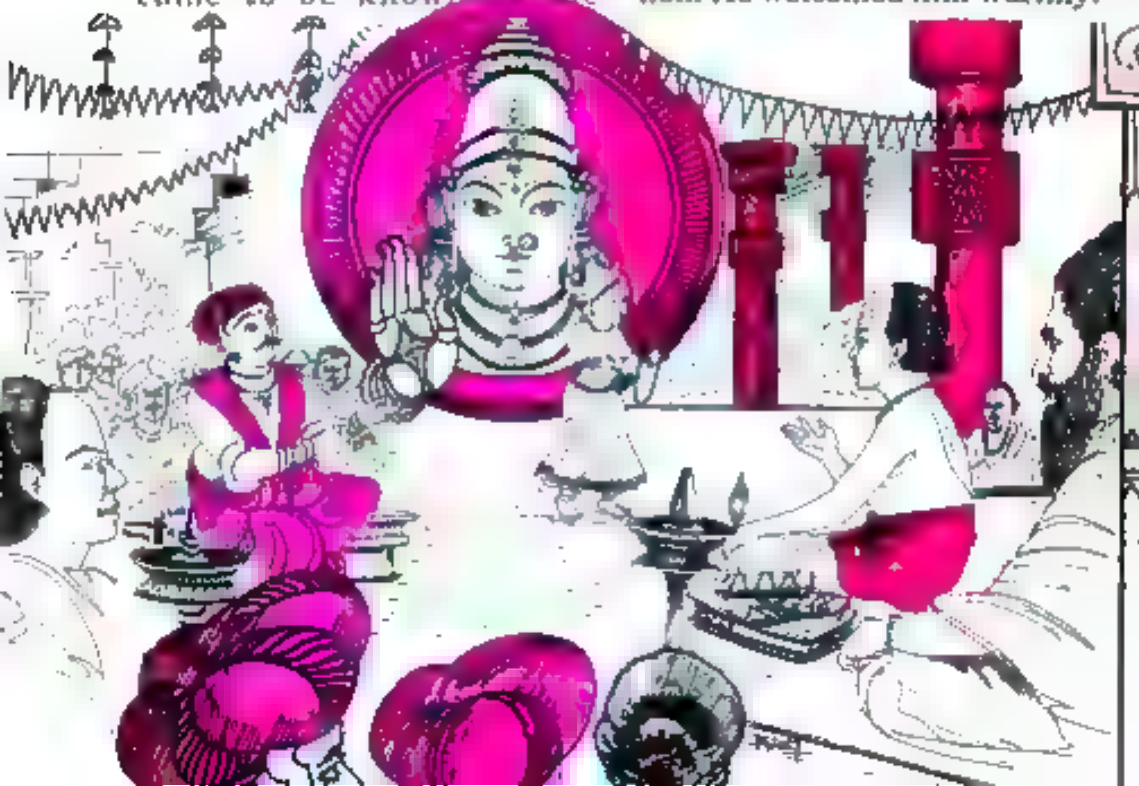
On the sixth day, the little priest's daughter stood up, coolly removed a pearl necklace from the raja's neck, and placed it on Kumaraguruparar's. She then walked into the sanctum, and disappeared in a ray of light.

Kumaraguruparar's work came to be known as the *'Meenakshi Amman Pillai Thamizh'*.

After this incident, the saint went to Benares (Kashi). There, he worshipped Kasi Viswanathan and wrote another master piece.

Benares was then under the rule of a Muslim Sultan. The swamigal wished to establish a monastry at that place. But he did not know Hindustani, to converse freely with the ruler. He worshipped the Goddess of Learning who blessed him with instant knowledge of the language. A lion appeared before the saint. Seated on it, he entered court.

The sultan was astonished by the sight of the saint on the lion. He welcomed him warmly.



Kumaraguruparar, began to speak to him in Hindustani. The sultan and the saint conversed on religion and philosophy.

The saint then asked for a copper pot. He touched it. It turned into a golden pot, then a pot of solid gold.

"O sultan," he said. "At first, we are like the copper pot. It is only by constant prayer and virtuous living that we change in value."

The Sultan was very impressed.

"What can I do for you, swamiji?" he asked.

"I wish to have a piece of land to build a monastry," answered Guruparar.

"You shall have it," the ruler answered. "But where would you like to build it?"

"Near the Kedarnath temple," said Guruparar. "A garuda will circle over the land and indicate the area we require."

The next morning, the Sultan and his officials went with the Swamiji to the appointed place. Just as the saint had said, a garuda appeared on the sky, and flew over a particular spot three times.

The Sultan not only granted him the land, but also extended all financial assistance to Guruparar to establish his mutt. It was named the Kumaraswamy Mutt. There he delivered many lectures in Hindustani on various subjects.

The mutt still stands in Benares, a symbol to an ancient, glorious past.

T. PAKSHIRAJAN

FOXES AND HARE

Here's an indoor game you can play on a hot summer afternoon with your friends. But first, ask your parents' permission, for it could be quite a noisy game.

You need : Pieces of square card paper with the numbers 1-30 written on it in bold letters.

One person will be the 'hare'. He will take all the cards, and drop them in order of the numbers all over the house, and hide. The rest of the group will be the 'foxes'.

After some time, the foxes will go in search of the hare. They will have to pick up the cards in order and catch the 'hare' in his hiding place.

They will have to hand over the cards to the hare. If all the numbers are there in the right order, he is 'caught'! If any number is missing, the hare can hide all over again!

Remember - when the hare drops the cards before hiding, he has to do so in the right order; and the cards should lead to his hide-out. ■

POETRY

The Class Prefect

We needed a prefect by election.
But it was only selection
By our class teacher
That ruined our future.

Though she was the prefect,
She was not perfect.
She wouldn't write girls' names,
For it would give away their games.

She often wrote the names of boys,
Whom she treated like toys!
When asked why his name she wrote,
She promptly handed the teacher the note!

J. Saravana Babu, Std. IX, T.N.P.L. School, Trichy.

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INVASION

I arrived at school very late. It was silent, except for the voices of a few teachers taking special classes for the dull students. I hurried along the the corridor. To my relief, our history teacher had not yet arrived. She came in a little while later, and began to tell us about Gandhiji's life and his teachings.

Finally she ended, "If you have any doubts please ask me."

When there were no questions from the students, she left the class.

Later that afternoon, I saw Anand, our class monitor, and Gopal, the bookworm, in deep discussion.

Gopal was asking Anand, "Do you know what humatrons are?" And not waiting for an answer, he continued "They are robots who look just like humans. They can be called duplicates. For one can produce a humatron that looks just like you or me. But actually, nobody has really produced one."

I butted in, "How did you get to know so much about humatrons?"

Gopal pushed his specs up his nose and replied, "Well, Ravi. I read about them in a science fiction story."

The bell rang just then, and all of us scrambled into class.

The next day, I was a bit early to school. Strangely, no one was in our class as yet. Usually, by now, most of the students would have arrived.

Just then, Gopal and Anand arrived.

"How strange!" exclaimed Gopal, echoing my thoughts. "No one has come as yet?"

"Well," said Anand slowly. "Maybe they are all assembled in the auditorium for the results of that competition. Hey, Gopal! Talking of competitions — we are due to join that essay-writing one! Gosh! We're already late!"

The two rushed away, and I went to the auditorium. There I found all my classmates, their eyes glued to the notice-board. How funny they looked! They were stiff and awkward, and their eye-balls looked fixed. A chill ran down my spine. Was I dreaming? I rushed back to the class-room.

Soon, my strange class-mates entered too. And so did our history teacher.

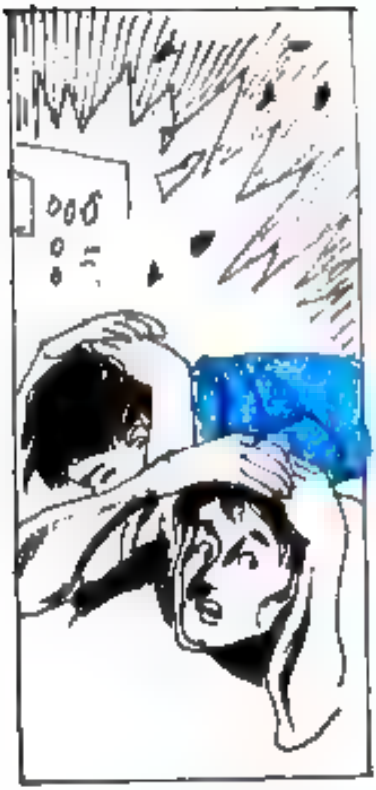
She began to lecture to us on the October Revolution that took place in Russia, and Lenin's role as a Russian revolutionist.

But I was not comfortable at all. My legs trembling, I stood up and asked her, "Miss! Don't you think all my friends look funny? Why are they behaving like robots?"

She gave me a cold look, and opened a box on her desk. She removed a syringe from it, and came towards me. I was taken aback. What was happening?

"Miss!" I cried. "What are you doing?"

She gave a cold, chilling laugh. "We are all humatrons!" she said softly. "We were created by the living beings in the Andromeda Galaxy. Our aim is to destroy all earthlings!"



"But how did you get into school?" I whispered hoarsely. She did not reply. Grinning evilly, she came towards me with that awful syringe. I turned around in distress. There was Arun snoring away in the front row? But there was Miss coming towards me menacingly.

"Arun! Wake up!" I cried. No effect. "Help me, friend!"

The teacher was close now. She grabbed my arm in a firm grip. The syringe was going to jab me! I struggled fiercely.

Suddenly, the sleeping Arun woke up and gave the teacher a fierce blow on her shoulder. She fell down with a thump.

Arun intoned in a strange voice, "Destroy t-h-e com-pu-ter in t-h-e com-pu-ter room!"

I ran straight to the computer room. It was just 50 feet away from our class. Arun followed me. We forced open the door and rushed in. I picked up a heavy chair and hurled it at the computer.

BOOM!

The computer and all its terminals were destroyed. Arun and I hurled ourselves onto the floor. Some splinters from the shattered computer just missed me.

Later that day, after all the parts of the destroyed humatrons were taken away, and the computer room was cleaned up, I went upto Arun and thanked him for helping me.

"What are you talking about?" he asked puzzled. "I don't know what happened after the history teacher injected me along with the rest of the class."

I stared at him.

"The humatron!" I muttered. "Help me, friend!"

As I walked home after all that excitement that evening, I remembered how I'd cried, "Help me, friend!" Those three words had jolted some human feeling in that humatron that had taken Arun's place.

"Help me, friend!"

G. Ravi, Bangalore - 560 040.

PUZZLES

ROUND 'N' ROUND!

In the given circle-ring, there are 48 letters. Begin from the letter C and form as many words as you can.

Clue : Begin with coin.

K. Bhagyasri Lakshmi, Std. XI,
Govt. Girls Hr. Sec. School,
Sathyamangalam.

TITLE TERMS!

Can you guess what these terms mean? They are to do with our social systems.

1. Monarchy
2. Democracy
3. Anarchy
4. Dictatorship

Mamatha D.R., aged 14,
M.L.A. High School,Bangalore.

Solution on page 80

PUPPETRY

You must have seen a number of delightful puppet shows on television.

Now, here's your chance to stage one yourself!

We shall tell you how to make some simple, but innovative puppets and make them act too!

Hand puppets : You use your hands to move these puppets in various ways!

A CATERPILLAR...

Trace and use this drawing

Materials required :

A piece of card paper at least 4" wide (An old, thick invitation or greeting card will do).

Green oil paper or green poster paint.

Black felt pen.

A sharp pair of scissors

A blade

Some glue.

Method :

Cut out the caterpillar shape on the card.

Paint the shape green.

Paint red on the antennae.

Draw out the eyes.

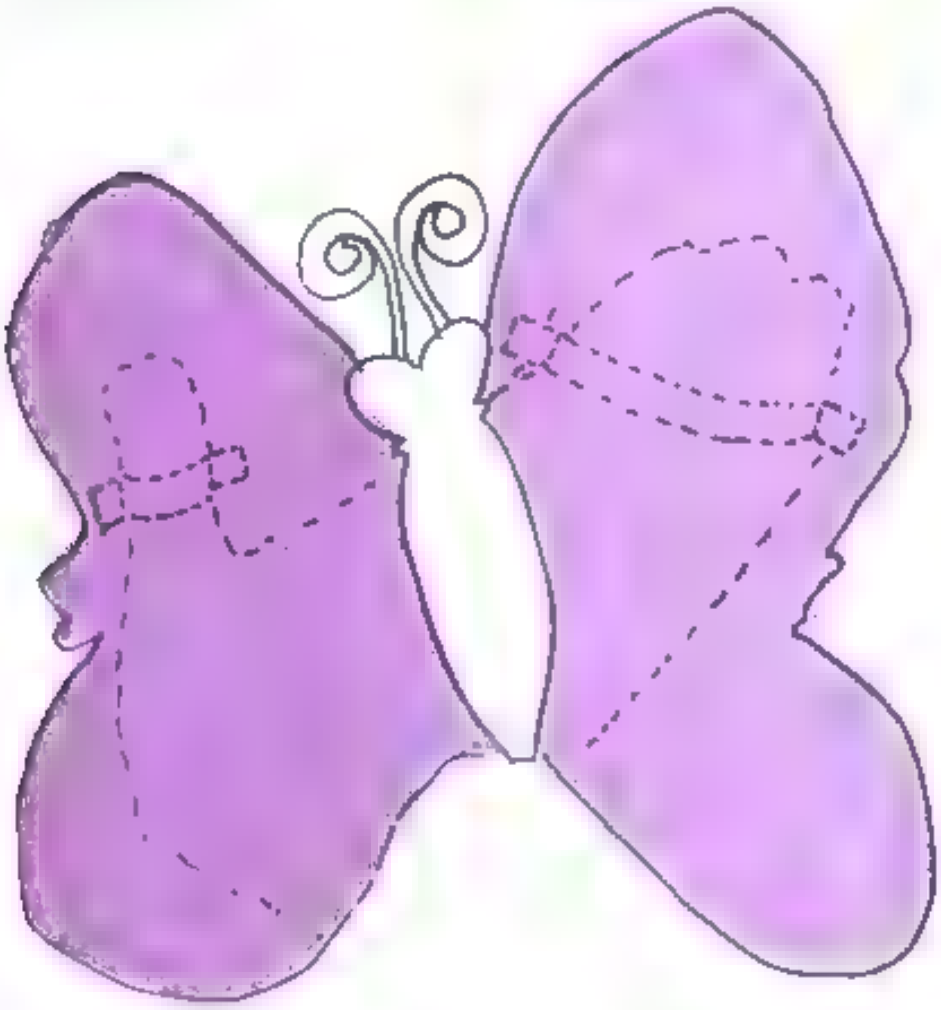
Cut out the 4 holes marked with a blade.

To handle the puppet :

Insert your four fingers into the holes and rest your thumb at the base of its long neck.

..... AND ITS MOM, A BUTTERFLY!

Trace or use drawing



Method :

Trace and cut out the drawing on a white card.

Paint the butterfly in a design of your choice. (Use bright contrasting colours)

At the back, make two handles like this.

If you live in Madras, and you would like to know more about puppetry, you can attend a summer workshop on Puppet Making and Performing. For more details, contact, Rangashree at 612201.

Take a strip of card of size 4" X 12" and a strip of size 1½" X ½"

Fold edges to the middle.

Fold back each edge to the ends.

Stick these on the back side of the butterfly at the marked places.

Insert your four fingers in one handle and the thumb in the others.

Now the butterfly is ready to fly!

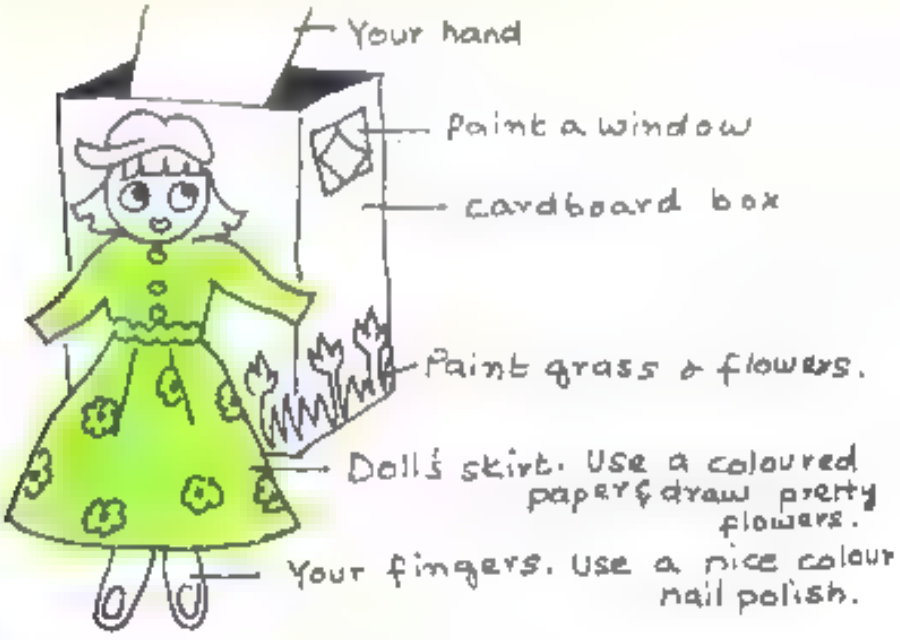
MAKE A DELIGHTFUL DOLL AND HER HOUSE :

You'll need :

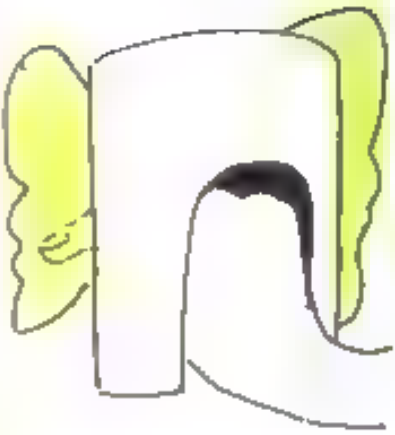
A small cardboard carton of a size as can be judged from the picture below.

Various coloured pieces of paper.

Use your index finger and middle finger and make her dance!



AN ELEPHANT:



You'll need a cylindrical box into which your hand will fit.

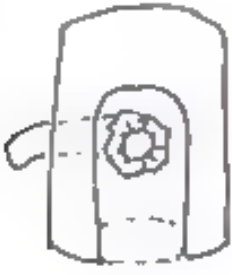
A tube made of pink cloth.

Method :

Make an opening at the back of the cylinder just big enough to insert your hand.

Paint the cylinder purple.

Cut the ears out in pink paper.



Stick it at the appropriate places.

Cut out a hole big enough to insert your index finger, in the middle of the cylinder. Insert the pink cloth tube from the outside and fold inside.

Draw the eyes on and paste above this hole.

Draw white toe nails for your elephant.

To perform :

Put the cylinder on your hand and insert your index finger into the pink cloth tube to make the trunk. Move in any way you wish.

Concept, illustration : Rangashree

The Fall!

This incident took place when I was 11 years old. We lived in New Delhi then.

My mother had fallen sick and had been admitted to the military hospital. My father and I went to visit her. Asking me to wait in the garden outside, my father went into the ward.

Outside, bored, with nothing to do, I looked around. I saw several mango trees. As I am fond of mangoes, I began to think of the many ways by which I could pluck them.

Just then, I saw a long stick in a fireman's pit (a pit from where firemen draw water), which seemed to be about my height.

The stick stood inside the pit on 'solid' ground. So I jumped into the pit to pick up the stick. To my surprise and horror, I found myself in marshy water. I was so shocked that I did not call anybody for help. I caught the chain that hung from the side of the pit and somehow pulled myself up to solid ground.

I then rushed to my father, leaves and mud stuck all over me, and told him the whole story. The *mali* who saw me, came and told us that the pit was 12ft. deep! The leaves and dirt floating on the water made it look like solid ground.

"Many people have lost their lives in it," he said, shaking his head. "We should close it."

But by God's grace, I had a near escape.

K. Manoj Kumar,
Bangalore - 560 094

Frightened elephant : Oh, friend ant! That tiger is after me! What should I do?

Ant : Hide behind me, quick! And don't move!

M. Srinivasan,
aged 15,
Bangalore - 560 085.

A Day When Everything Went Wrong

I woke up to see that my little sister was already up from bed. I was surprised. But when I looked at the clock, to my horror, I saw that it was already 6:45 am. I sprang from bed and ran into the bathroom.

CRASH! BANG!

Mother came running in and saw me sitting on the bathroom floor. My leg was bruised a bit. But before my mother could scold me, I told her that I was alright and shut the door.

Coming out of the bathroom, I hurried into my uniform. But I found two buttons missing! I told my mother that and gave the uniform to her to sew the buttons on. I said that I didn't want breakfast either (it was that day, remember!), because it was already getting late. It was already 7 O' clock.

Then putting on my shoes, and shoving the bag on my shoulder, I ran out of the house. As I ran, I slipped and fell on the stairs. But I was unhurt, and got up and continued to run.

In a few minutes, I reached school.

I sneaked a glance at my watch. It wasn't working! I looked up to see that our school darwan was busy and he didn't see me. That was the only piece of luck I had that day.

But that was not all. As I slipped into class, I got a good scolding from the teacher for begin late. Half the class was over. I left a few pages in my note book and tried to catch up. Then, I sat in at break-time and completed the work. I also got a good scolding from my Hindi teacher for not doing the work properly.

When school was over, I got two hard punches from two senior boys for pushing through them while going out of school.

Once out, I realized that I had a very funny feeling inside my stomach. Only then did I remember that I hadn't had any breakfast. Absentminded, I suddenly bumped against an old, fat lady, and fell flat on my face. People gathered around me to see what had happened. I stood up smiling sheepishly, and told them that I was alright.

Walking for a few minutes, I heard a wailing sound followed by some puffing sound. I turned around. Goodness gracious! I was taken aback. A bull was

chasing me! I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. I fell many times, but I did not dare to look behind me. A long chase later, the bull gave up. I didn't stop running till my house came into sight. I huffed and puffed as I rang the bell.

I wanted to sleep after lunch, but mummy told me to study. I studied upto 4 p.m. I then went out to play cricket with my friends. I was the first to bat. The first ball hit me just above my eyes, but it didn't hurt much. The second ball also came swinging towards me. But... I moved and the ball hit the off-stump. I bowled badly too. I gave the opposite team 31 runs off just 1 overs. I felt like crying.

As I came home, I saw my little sister pasting some pages together with gum. I ran upto her. It was my maths exercise book!

I don't want to tell you more than this. What a day that was! I hope another day will never be like that.

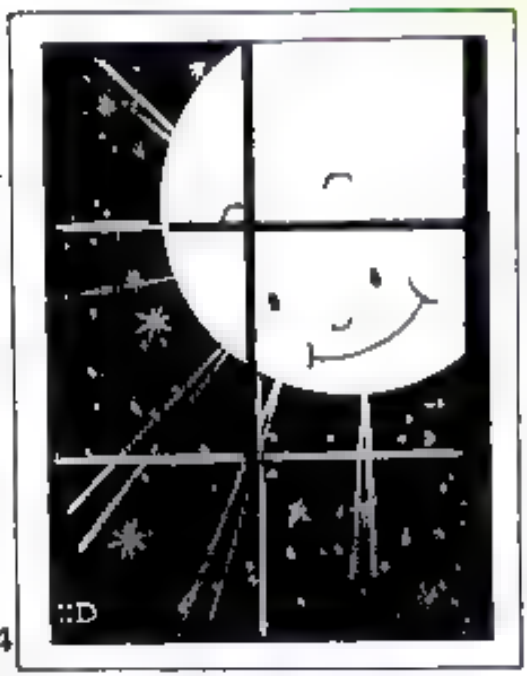
Abhijit Bhattacharya

Dear Abhijit,

You have not given your age or address. Please send them to us. *Ed.*

POETRY

The Moon



I am a dead cold mass
in the sky
I am not so bright.
I will not give you my
own light
I appear in the night
For earth, I am the
only satellite
I am the moon that is seen
in the sky.

- Jolly Pal, aged 13,
H. H. School,
Kharagpur - 721 302

STICKY HANKIE!

Here's an exciting game you can play with a group of friends.

All you need is a little open space, some light bamboo sticks around 1 m. long (they shoud not have sharp edges) and a handkerchief.

In the open ground, mark out your boundary, with two goat posts at opposite ends.

Divide yourselves into two teams (a team ccan have four or six players). Each player is given a bamboo stick. The kerchief is placed at the centre of the ground.

The two teams should stand with their sticks just touching the ground a foot away from the kerchief.

You can have an 'impartial' referee, who counts of the game — one, two, three, go!

The object of the game is to pick up the kerchief with the stick and run with it ■ the goal-post.

As each player tries to pick up the stick, others knock it away. You are not to use your hands.

A game in completed when a goal is scored. A match can consist of three or five games.

Points to be careful about :

1. Be careful with the sticks. Take care that you do not hit or poke other players with it.

2. The 'referee' can be an adult who can co-ordinate the game easily.

3. Let the playground be free of stones. A smooth grasy surface will be ideal.

4. Keep ■ first-aid box handy — cotton, dettol, iodine, band-aid, etc.

COLOUR AND KEEP

Here's a drawing you can use as an embroidery and colour and keep too!

THE LOST BOY

My parents and I had been on a tour to Tamil Nadu two years ago. We had gone by a travel agency bus, and I enjoyed it very much, for there were many children with us.

We were at Rameshwaram. My father was teaching me how to swim. A little boy caught my eye. He was wandering about aimlessly, a frightened look on his face. I immediately walked upto him and asked if I could help. He confirmed what I thought — he was lost!

I asked him where he stayed. He too, was a tourist, and stayed with his parents at the same hotel as we did! My parents took the boy back to the hotel. It was not difficult to find the room where he stayed.

We found his mother waiting anxiously (His father had gone in search of him.) She was overjoyed to see him. Later, both his parents thanked us heartily.

The next day was spent at Tanjore. There, the boy's parents hosted a grand feast for us, for it was his birthday.

I cannot forget this incident. For the boy is now my best friend. I am thrilled to have a friend in a neighbouring state, who is very different from me. For he neither belongs to my caste or religion. Neither does he speak my language.

M. H. Sahana, aged 11,
Bangalore - 560 054.

Jaya : Daddy! Today I got a prize for singing a song.
Dad : Oh! good! What did the judges say?
Jaya : They made me promise not to sing again!

Abishek Srikumar,
aged 12,
Madras - 600 018.

THE PENCIL BOX

It was Raju's birthday. He was a six year old, and looked forward to his birthdays with great expectations. He would talk about it at least a month in advance, and decide whom to invite, from among his friends, neighbours and classmates.

After the tea-party was over and two games were played, the crowd dispersed. Raju ran into his bedroom. He was coming to the best part of the day - the opening of presents. His mother and he carefully undid the wrappers. (His mother had told him not to open any presents before his friends left. "It is not good manners," she had explained).

Raju happily looked at the presents before him. There were eight pencil boxes (two similar and six different ones), with a pencil and eraser in each, a pack of sketch pens, two steel plates (in which he had no interest), a water bottle, and a lunch box. Three of his best friends had presented him with games. There were also two story books and a toy gun.

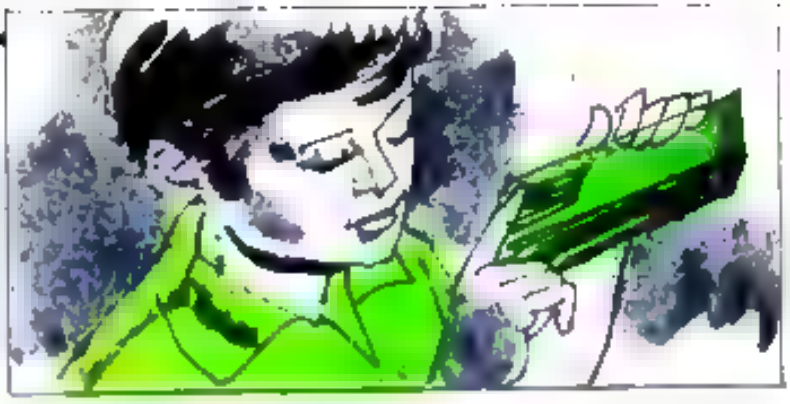
"Raju," said his mother, "What will you do with eight pencil boxes? They have become common presents. You have five or six left over from last year's presents. I will keep them in my almirah. You can give them away when any of your friends have a birthday party."

"No, no, no," protested Raju. "I want all of them"

"How many pencil boxes can you use at a time, Raju?" asked his mother.

Raju proudly said, "Ma! From now on, I will take a new one to school each week. So I can use all my boxes in turns."

His mother was firm that he was not to keep



all the boxes for himself.

"Choose two for yourself, Raju," she told him. "Leave the rest on the table. I'll sort it out later."

Raju finally made up his mind about two boxes — one was in the shape of a car and the other, in the shape of rocket. There was another one he badly wanted to keep too. It had some colourful pictures of cartoon characters all over it. There was Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Tom and Jerry, Laurel and Hardy, Tintin etc. But his mother said a big "NO". The next day, she stacked away the boxes in her almirah, ready to be wrapped up whenever Raju received a birthday invitation.

Fifteen days later, Shilpa invited Raju for her birthday party. Raju, all dressed-up and happy, was however in for a disappointment. His mother took the comic character box and wrapped it in gift paper.

"Happy Birthday!" he told Shilpa and handed over the box a trifle unwillingly.

A month later, Kewal, Raju's friend in class, came to invite him for his birthday party. Raju went to the party, armed with another of the pencil boxes as a present. Kewal, despite his mother's pleas not to do so, unwrapped all his presents in front of his friends. And it was at that time that Raju's eyes nearly fell out of his head. For there, nestling among all the presents, lay the box he had presented to Shilpa! On reaching home, he told his mother about it. But she was engrossed in a TV serial, and did not seem to hear him.

About two month's later, Geeta, a quiet girl in Raju's class, was the birthday girl. She had a kid brother, two years old, and naughty to boot. Before the party was over, the beautifully wrapped presents were out of their wrappers' and Raju was most surprised to find his comic character box among them. He guessed that Kewal must have presented it to her.

A week later, Shyam, who lived next door, invited Raju to his birthday party. That evening, Geeta and Raju walked back home together.

"I am going to present Shyam a pencil box which has

comic book characters on it," she told Raju. "I have just too many pencil boxes."

Nearly a month later, Arun, a neighbour, who studied in the LKG came to invite Raju for his birthday party. The day after the party, Raju was invited to have a look at the presents too. Raju's surprise knew no bounds when he found the same box among the presents. Probably Shyam had presented it to Arun!

When it was Pushpa's birthday two months later, Raju saw Arun present the same comic character box to Pushpa. He had not wrapped it in gift paper, for his mother was away visiting a sick relative.

Some months passed, and soon Raju's birthday was around the corner once again. He made tiny invitation cards by himself, and gave one each to his friends. After the party was over he ran to his bedroom where all the presents lay on his cot. He undid each wrapper carefully. His mother who was busy cleaning away the plates and glasses, suddenly heard an exclamation from Raju. He was exclaiming, "Ma! I have got back my comic character box again. Pushpa has presented it to me."

His mother vaguely remembered it from the presents of last year.

"But how do you know it is the same one, Raju? she asked him. 'It could be a similar looking one, but certainly not the same."

"But it is the same one, Ma." laughed Raju. "It went to all my friends, but it has come back to me again. You see, I stuck a small He Man sticker under the box last year."

His mother examined the box. There was He Man in one corner, on the underside of the box. She could not help laughing, and this time, she allowed Raju to keep the box for himself.

SHEELA NAYAK

Anil : Hey Raju! Why did you quit your job in the ice-cream parlour?

Raju : It was a chilling experience.

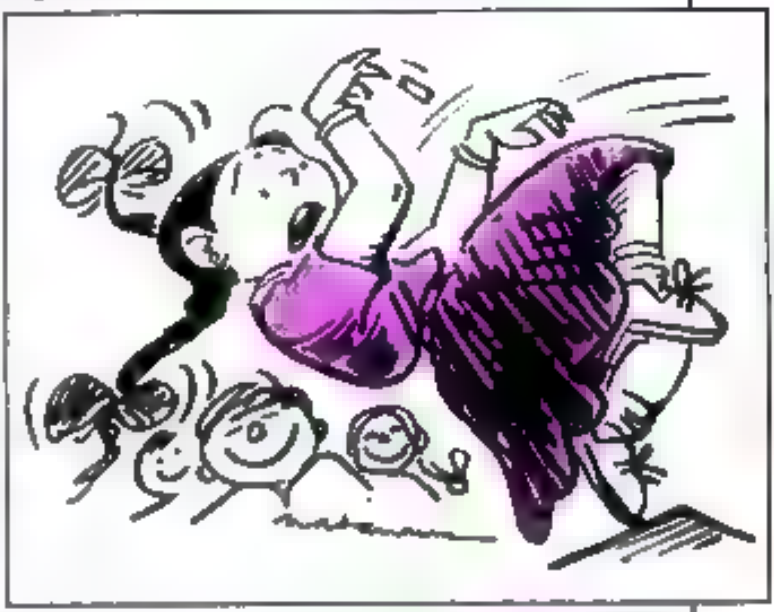
Abishek Srikumar,
aged 12,
Madras - 18.

BOARD WALK!

I am the monitor of my class — standard VII — and I often give notes to my classmates. Whenever I write them out on the board, I remember this amusing incident that happened to me three years ago.

My English teacher was busy writing English notes on the board, when suddenly, our principal summoned her to his office. My teacher told me to write the notes on the board until she returned.

In order to reach the board we had to stand on a bench. My legs were shivering as I climbed onto the bench. My hands trembled as I picked a chalk and began to write. I had never before written on the board! I tried my best to keep my lines straight. But the more I tried, the more topsy-turvy they became! Each answer and each question looked as if I had drawn a map of Zimbabwe!



In my nervousness, I didn't realize that I had stepped to the edge of the bench — and as I walked to reach the corner — crash! — I fell down! The whole class burst out laughing.

Hearing, the commotion, teachers from the adjacent classes rushed in. There I was, flat on the floor, presenting a sorry spectacle. Tears stood in my eyes. My face was red in embarassment. It was the most horrible day in my life.

However, today, I have got over this nervousness. As I write out English notes, my hands no longer tremble — and I watch out for the edge of the bench.

V. Rajalakshmi, aged 12, Bombay - 400 019.

SANCHI

Sanchi began to develop as a Buddhist centre as early as the 3rd century B.C., when Ashoka, the Great, halted at Vidisha on his way to Ujjaini.

Sanchi, in the Raisen district of Madhya Pradesh, lies south-west of Vidisha, between the Bina and Bhopal junctions of the Central Railways.

There are many monuments at Sanchi. But they are mainly stupas, pillars, monasteries and temples. Most of them are located atop a plateau on a hill, and are enclosed by a stone wall built around the 12th century A.D.

The Great Stupa (referred to as stupa 1) which was erected by Ashoka, is located on the main terrace within this wall. This is a famous and unique Buddhist monument. It is about 37m in diameter and 17m in height.

The Stupa has four elaborately carved gateways. They are all of similar design - two square pillars crowned by a set of four lions, with elephants, pot-bellied dwarfs and graceful female figures called *Salabhanjikas*. These carvings tell us how skillful the sculptors of the Sunga-age were.

The gateways are further covered with carvings that depict scenes from the Jataka tales, scenes from Buddha's life, etc.

There are many pillars and temples on the main terrace. There are temples of archeological importance too.

Temple no. 17, is a flat-roofed, square sanctum with a pillared portico in front. It is a remarkable piece of Gupta architecture. It was probably a Buddhist temple.

Temple no. 45 is in ruins. But from its remains, archeologists think it might have been a towering structure.

The five monasteries here, date from the 4th to the 12th centuries A.D.

These relics at Sanchi are a testimony to the glories of ancient Buddhist art.

Text : Prof. Pranab Ray
Photograph : Dilip Banerjee

MOTHERS OF THE WILDERNESS

STORY

The young jaguar licked its lips in appreciation.

"Nice, very nice," it thought.

Just in front of him were six newly-hatched crocodiles swarming over their mother. He had been waiting for a whole day to lay his paws on them, but the mother corcodile did not leave them even for a minute.

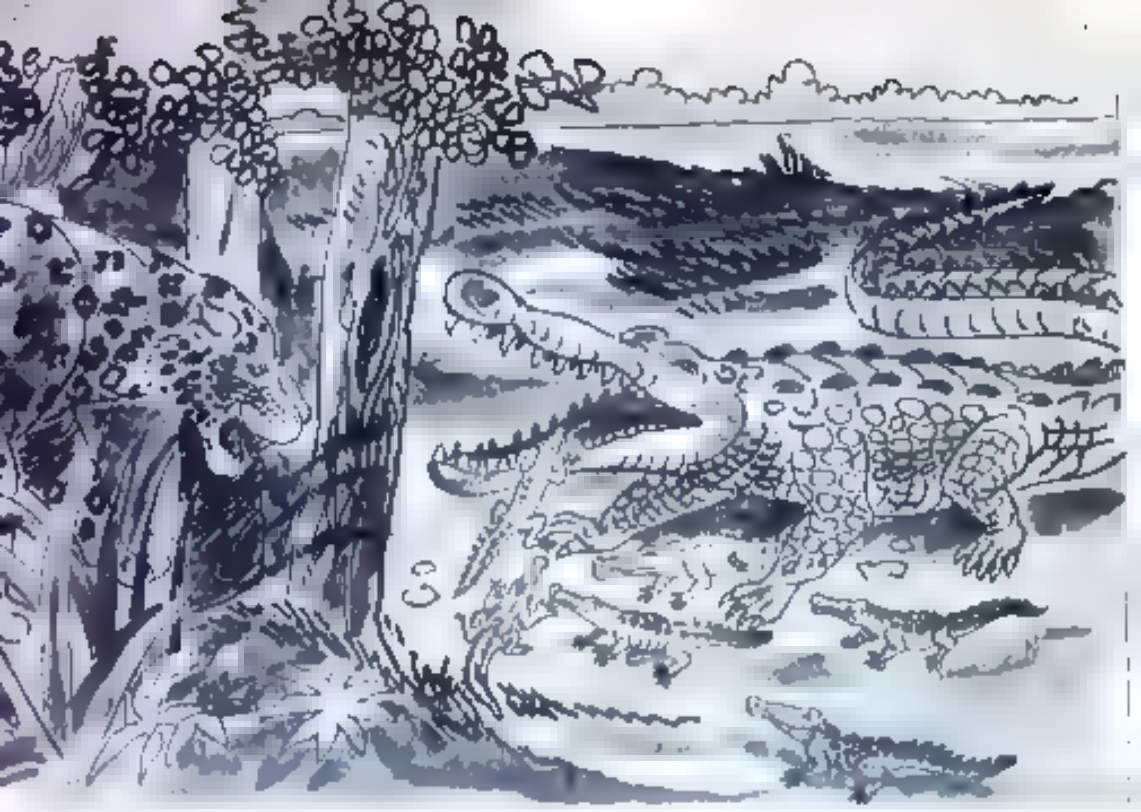
He impatiently wriggled forward through the dense, jungle undergrowth, as silently as possible.

Earlier this morning, the jaguar had dozed away. During that time, the mother corcodile had been away, and now she was back.

It was her return that had woken up the young jaguar. The baby crocodiles had made such a noise that he had woken up with a jerk. The mother crocodile was dragging along half a dead goat in her jaws. She minced the prey between her teeth and fed them to her children.

"Let her lead her young ones into the river," the jaguar thought. "I'll pounce on the slowest of them from behind and retreat as fast as I can....." He continued his wait.

The crocodile-mum raised her stout trunk on



her four, short, thick legs and then lowered them, to relax.

She then opened her jaws really wide.

Her fangs looked awful even to the ferocious jaguar.

"What is she upto?" wondered the jaguar. "Is she going to eat her own offspring?"

The young jaguar was puzzled. This was his first crocodile hunt since leaving his mother's care.

But he instinctively knew that it would be dangerous for him to get anywhere near those awful jaws.

But he was astounded by what he saw.

The young crocodiles were clambering into their mother's mouth one after another. As soon as all six were safely inside, the mother crocodile, her jaws wide open, moved towards the river, and slid into the waters.

The young ones then left the mouth and slid into the safety of the waters, too.

The disappointed jaguar got up. Walking away, still hungry, he realized, "All mothers are protective of their offspring till they are old enough to take care of themselves."

KAILASH

JOSEPH AND SHIVA

The little town of Smallville was peaceful and quiet. All the citizens were a happy lot. Except for Joseph Gomes and Shiva Rama Krishna. These two men were neighbours, and what's more, they used to constantly fight with each other.

"Om Nama Shivaya," Shiva would chant. Then he would shout, "Oh, my God! What's that smell?"

Joseph next door would hear the cry and shout back, "Yummy! What a delicious smell!"

"Hey, Joseph!" Shiva would shout back. "Why do you eat all nasty smelling things?"

"Watch your tongue!" Joseph would shout angrily. "What's wrong with what I eat?"

So on, and so forth, the fight would continue.

The whole town was fed up with the two, but what could they do? Joseph and Shiva always greeted the morning with a fresh new fight.

"Welcome Jesus, do come in Shiva," Vishnu of the three worlds in his heavenly abode invited the other two in. "Both of you look worried. What's the matter?"

"We're in great trouble," sighed Lord Shiva.

"There are two men on earth," began Lord Jesus. "One is a Hindu and is Shiva's devotee, the other is a Christian. They fight every second, for every little thing. We are at a loss what to do."

"Why don't these humans understand that God is one, how many ever forms we take," laughed Lord Vishnu. Lord Jesus and Lord Shiva nodded agreement gloomily. "Don't worry. I'll help you," said Vishnu.

It was night.

Knock, knock!

Somebody was knocking at Shiva's door.

"Who is it?" wondered Shiva, as he opened the door.

The cold steel of a knife-blade was pressed against his throat and a hoarse whisper said, "Don't shout, old man!"

Shiva trembled.

"Hand over all your valuables," whispered the bandit.

Shiva could hardly scream in his fright. He handed over the keys to his cupboard.

"This dish is tasty," thought Joseph munching away happily, watching Star T.V. He got up, stretched, and looked out of his window.

There was Shiva at his window gesturing away frantically.

"What's Shiva trying to say?" wondered Joseph.

Then he saw a masked man pulling out things from a cupboard in Shiva's house.

A thief!

"What does it matter to me?" Joseph said to himself. He even laughed a little with glee. And as he turned away, his eye caught the portrait of Lord Jesus that hung on his wall.

The laugh died in his throat.

Was the lord looking at him oddly? Joseph gulped and made up his mind. He immediately telephoned the police, and roused the neighbourhood.

The bandit tied all the valuables into a bundle and hoisted it on his shoulder.

"Okay, I am leaving," he said hoarsely. "Don't try to raise any alarm."

He opened the door, and something struck him on the head.

"Aaah!" he cried in pain, and fell to the ground.

There was Joseph standing by the door, a heavy bottle in his hand.

Behind him, were a little group of neighbours.

The police soon arrived and took the bandit away.

"Thank you, brother, thank you," Shiva hugged his neighbour.

"No, no," cried Joseph embarassed. "Don't mention it." Shiva hugged him again.

Joseph sheepishly looked at the ground.

"Anyway," he said. "It is my birthday today, and I was feeling rather lonely having dinner all by myself. I thought I'll drop in, but I didn't think you'd appreciate it."

"Oh!" cried Shiva. "Happy Birthday! My dinner of *dosas* and *vadas* is a lonely one too."

"As the two friends had a fun dinner, forging a new friendship over crunchy *vadas* and *dosas*, two others sat in heaven, at peace with themselves.

"At last," sighed Lord Jesus

"Yes," replied Lord Shiva.

They both laughed.

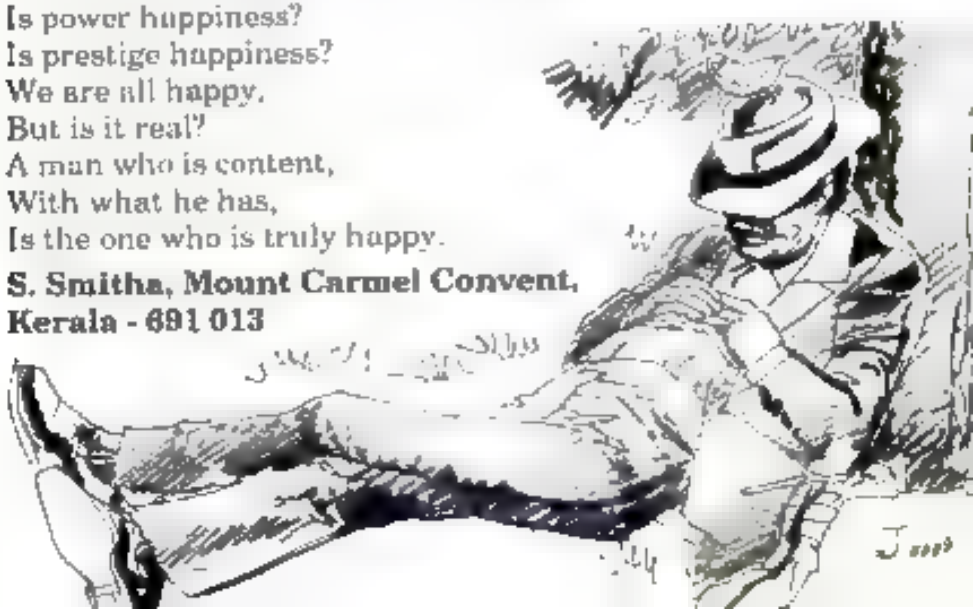
M. Gautam,
Bombay - 401 202.

POETRY

REAL HAPPINESS

In the whole big world there is —
Not a single person with true happiness.
Is money happiness?
Is power happiness?
Is prestige happiness?
We are all happy.
But is it real?
A man who is content,
With what he has,
Is the one who is truly happy.

S. Smitha, Mount Carmel Convent,
Kerala - 691 013



MONTH MIX-UP!

Find the hidden months of the year.

E	G	J	F	M	L	H	C	D	A	P	R	K	F	E
C	A	J	A	O	D	H	A	C	R	N	A	N	A	V
H	K	R	A	O	C	T	O	B	E	R	N	T	E	R
O	Y	U	B	N	B	O	R	H	S	E	A	N	A	R
F	A	L	L	M	U	T	S	A	L	R	U	R	T	H
T	F	K	R	O	A	A	P	R	I	L	G	O	Y	S
N	E	H	N	R	Z	H	R	I	T	D	U	Z	E	G
E	B	C	A	O	M	M	A	Y	A	E	S	P	D	M
Q	R	Y	S	M	V	P	T	T	A	C	T	N	Y	N
N	U	O	K	E	E	E	D	O	Y	E	D	D	A	R
M	A	R	I	N	O	D	M	A	M	M	G	S	R	Y
A	R	B	E	A	S	A	B	B	S	B	R	R	D	K
R	Y	S	Q	J	U	N	E	N	E	E	P	B	M	Z
C	B	M	D	N	J	R	I	R	N	R	A	A	T	A
H	E	K	I	G	H	T	P	Y	A	R	J	U	L	Y

C. Chakradhar Reddy,
aged 14,
Hyderabad - 500 001.

Solution on page 80

STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS

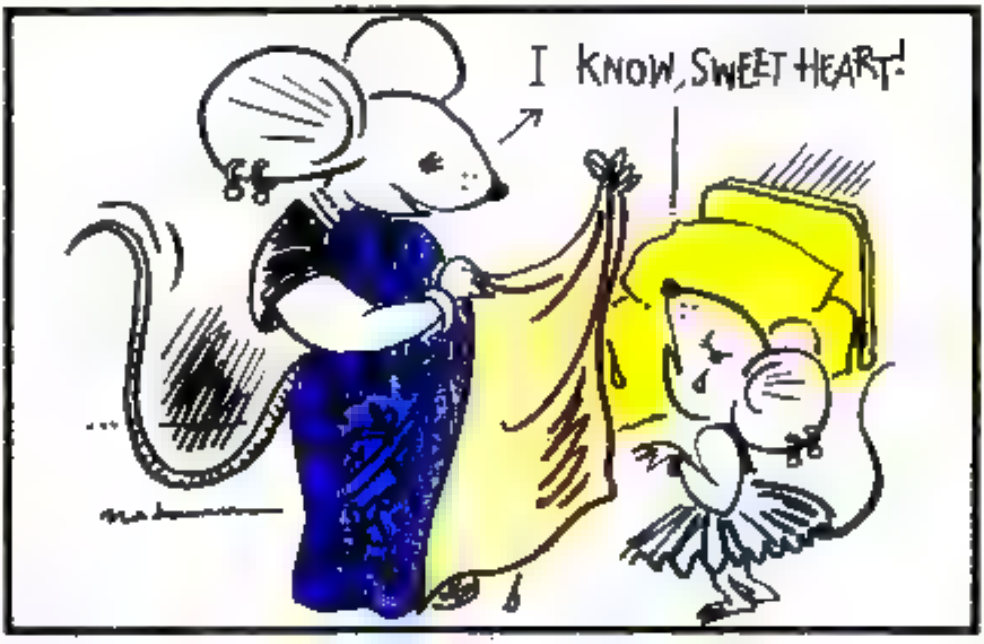
SISTER'S ACCIDENTS!

Mama and Papa Undir, Sister and Brother Undir were a mouse family. They lived in a cozy house in the trunk of a huge banyan tree.

Sister Undir was eight years old. She was becoming a serious little mouse. She often sat by herself reading, colouring pictures, or playing games with imaginary friends. Two-year-old Brother Undir could not understand why Sister sometimes refused to play with him. He adored Sister and liked to copy whatever she did.

Occasionally, Sister wet her bed at nights. That was not a very nice thing to do. She felt rather ashamed whenever it happened. Especially since little Brother hardly ever wet His bed. Poor Sister was really troubled with the problem. So she had to have a large waterproof plastic sheet, to cover her mattress under her bed sheets.

"I don't do it on purpose, Mama!" she said whenever an 'accident' happened.



"I know sweetheart," said Mama trying to comfort her.

"But I feel like a bad girl," said poor Sister.

Sister began to check her sheets each morning when she awoke. If they were wet, she ran up to Mama Undir and buried her head in Mama's lap. Mama understood at once and went in to change the sheets, and clean the plastic mattress cover.

One Sunday, Sister's freshly washed sheets were hanging out to dry, when there had been an 'accident'. Mama was out shopping for groceries, while Papa was at home doing some chores. Sister settled down with her new box of crayons. She was making a picture of a playground with lots of little mice on slides and swings. Brother was watching her, and soon wanted to copy it. He began to make scribble-scrabble pictures with the crayons. Soon there was a disagreement between them.

"I want to use the red crayon," said Sister.

"So do I!" exclaimed Brother.

"Me first!" said Sister.

"No, I'm little. You're supposed to let me have my turn first. Papa said so!" that was Brother.

"But I'm in the middle of colouring these flowers!" protested Sister.

"Why don't you use yellow?" argued Brother.

"I'll tell Mama," threatened Sister.

"I'll tell your friend Tara that you wet your bed!" threatened back Brother, pointing to the sheets hanging outside. For he had seen Tara enter the tree house just then.

Poor Sister Undir burst into tears and ran to Papa crying, "Papa, please ask Tara to go away! I don't feel like play-

ing with her! And I wish Brother would go back into Mama's stomach!"

Papa was thoroughly puzzled.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"Brother's being horrid! He won't give me the red crayon!" Sister could not bring herself to tell him what Brother had said.

"But that's no reason to ask poor Tara to go away," said Papa.

"You don't understand!" cried poor Sister. She could not bear the thought of Tara finding out about her 'accidents'.

"If Tara finds out, my whole class will know! Then I can't bring myself to go to school any more," she thought to herself.

Just then Mama entered with several packages in her arms.

"Papa! Sister! Could someone give me a hand?" she asked.

"Mama!" cried Sister running into Mama's arms, dropping several packages in the process. "Brother is horrid! Tara is here to play, but I want her to go away!" She burst into tears all over again.

Papa Undir offered to take care of all the shopping.

"I think Sister needs to talk to you," he said to Mama. "She has been behaving rather oddly today!"

Mama took Sister into her room.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" she asked.

"Mama, its about the accidents I sometimes have at nights. I promise they're accidents! I don't mean to wet my bed!" she cried.

"Now, now!" said Mama. "Of course I know that! Did someone tease you?"

"It was Brother! He said he would tell my friend, Tara!"

"But why? He's not usually mean."

"Well, we were fighting about a red crayon!"

"I see!" said Mama grimly.

That night Mama summoned a family meeting.

"Lets play a game," she suggested.

"A game!" cried Brother, jumping up and down. "I love games! Especially after bed time!"

"What's the game called?" asked Sister.

"Its called IDENTIFYING OUR WEAKNESSES," said Mama. "Here are four sheets of paper with each of our names listed out, see?"

So saying Mama handed out the sheets. This is what each sheet of paper looked like :

WEAKNESSES

Papa	Mama	Sister	Brother

"Now, each of us should fill out all the columns. You must list out your own weakness and those of others," Mama explained.

"Lets fix a time limit," suggested Papa. Everyone agreed that five minutes would be just right.

"I can't write very well!" wailed Brother. "But I want to play too!"

"I'll help you," said Papa Undir.

"You can just tell Papa what to write. Papa will be your scribe," suggested Mama.

"What's a scribe?" asked Sister.

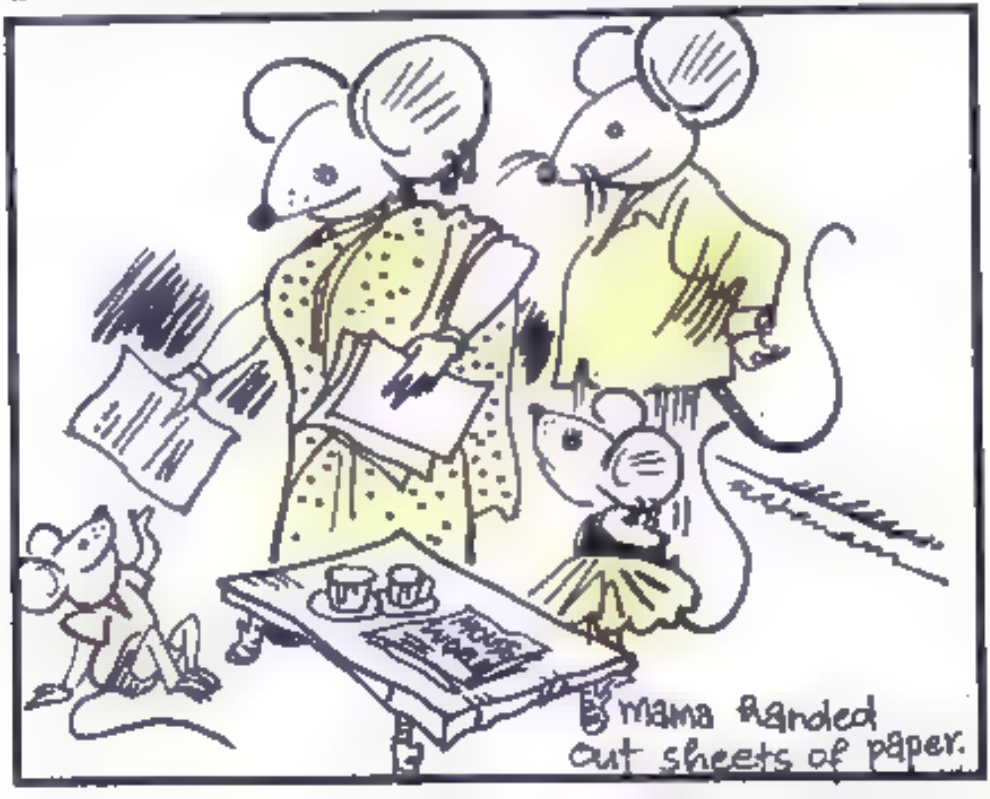
"One who scribbles, I guess!" said Brother.

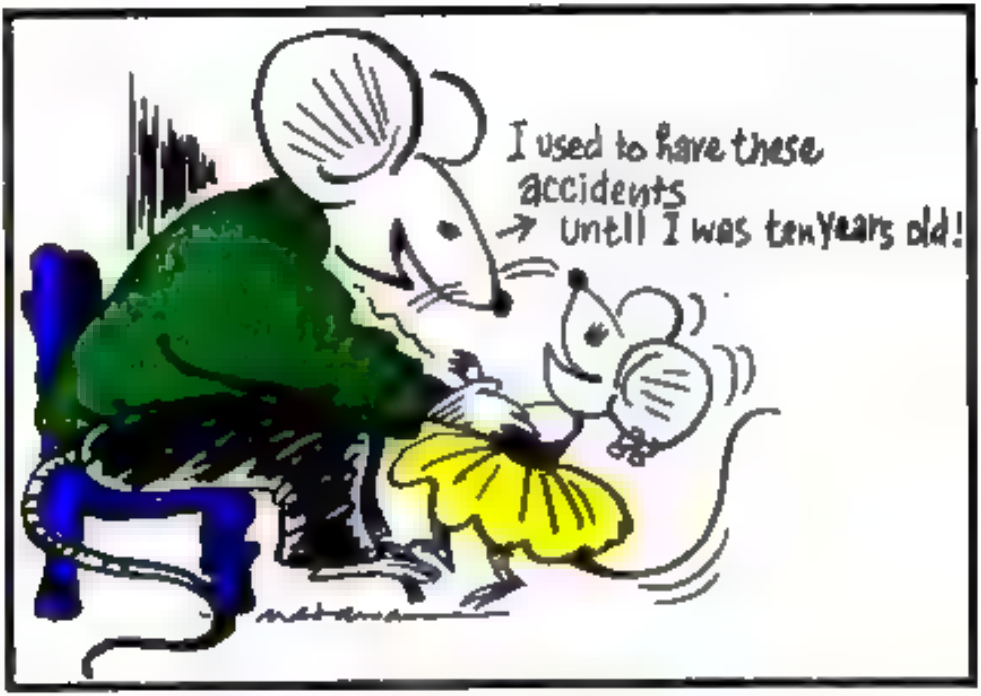
"But Papa doesn't scribble," giggled Sister. She was feeling better already.

"A scribe is one who writes. Official writers are also called scribes," explained Mama. "So are journalists."

"That's settled then. Let's begin," said Papa.

This is what the filled in sheets of paper looked like.





Papa's sheet of paper :

WEAKNESSES

Papa	Mama	Sister	Brother
Careless about health	Too hasty	Serious child	Naughty fellow

Mama's sheet of paper :

WEAKNESSES

Papa	Mama	Sister	Brother
Smokes far too much	Always wants perfection	Too serious and shy	Naughty boy

Sister's sheet of paper :

WEAKNESSES

Papa	Mama	Sister	Brother
—	—	—	Silly, mean, naughty, tells tales

Brother's sheet of paper :

WEAKNESSES

Papa	Mama	Sister	Brother
—	—	Wets bed, doesn't play with me, doesn't share her red crayon	—

The Undir family read each others papers and laughed — all except Brother. Neither Brother nor Sister had listed out any weaknesses for themselves. And as they were too little to be able to judge their parents, they could not see anything wrong with Papa and Mama either.

"All of you say I'm naughty and Sister says I'm also silly and mean and that I tell tales!"

cried Brother. "I thought at least Papa and Mama loved me!"

"So we do, so we do!" said Papa. "But you must never say or do things which hurt others on purpose."

"I guess you mean what I said to Sister about her 'accidents'," said Brother, rather ashamed of himself.

Mama and Papa looked at him and said nothing. He understood at once what he was supposed to do.

"I'm sorry, Sister," he said and gave her a hug. "I won't do it again."

"That's right," said Mama. "It was not at all nice. Sister cannot help herself. Teasing will only make her more worried and upset."

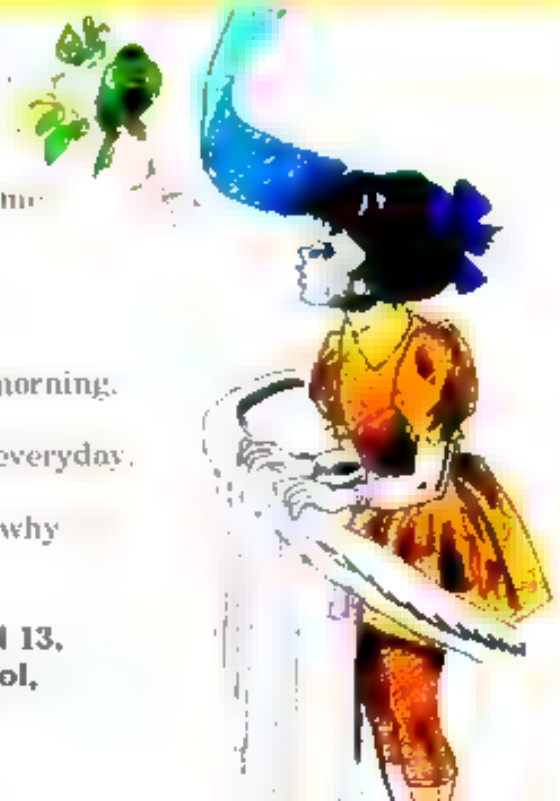
"You'll soon outgrow it," said Papa patting Sister on her back. "And let me tell you a secret. I used to have these accidents until I was ten years old!" Papa was exaggerating, but it made Sister feel so much better.

"Now Mama, we're not done yet! What about what we wrote about each other?" asked Papa to Mama Undir.

"Not now. Not in front of the children!" smiled Mama. "We'll talk about that after Sister and Brother are asleep."

ANURADHA KHATI

POETRY



Oh! bird, Oh! bird,
Why don't you come to me
We will play together
When we are free.

You are the one
Who wakes me in the morning.
You are the one
Who sings a new song everyday.

And that is the reason why
I like you
For you are the best!

Rolin Machado, aged 13,
Atomic Energy School,
Bombay - 400 088.

PUZZLES

JUMBLED WORDS

Here are some words connected to school-life. But all of them are scrambled-up. Can you puzzle them out?

1) NDYOUPRGLA
2) LRAPNCIIP
3) MLSACORSO
4) ERHATCE
5) NADEGR
6) SHBENCE
7) DRBAOLBCAK
8) CPHLAKIECES
9) YEAMSLSB
10) NSETSDUT
11) NICATPA
12) OMORFSATF

Archana Rajan, aged 6,
Bangalore - 560 032.

'Nation' Quiz

Can you guess the eight words that end in *'nation'*, with the help of the clues?

1. ————————nation *(A Test)*
2. ————————nation *(Adding together)*
3. ————————nation *(Ascending the throne)*
4. ————————nation *(Doing a thing together)*
5. ————————nation *(Power of thinking)*
6. ————————nation *(Obedience to superiors)*
7. ————————nation *(Murder)*
8. ————————nation *(Making a thing clear)*

A. L. Suvarchala,
Bapatla - 522 101.

Where Are They?

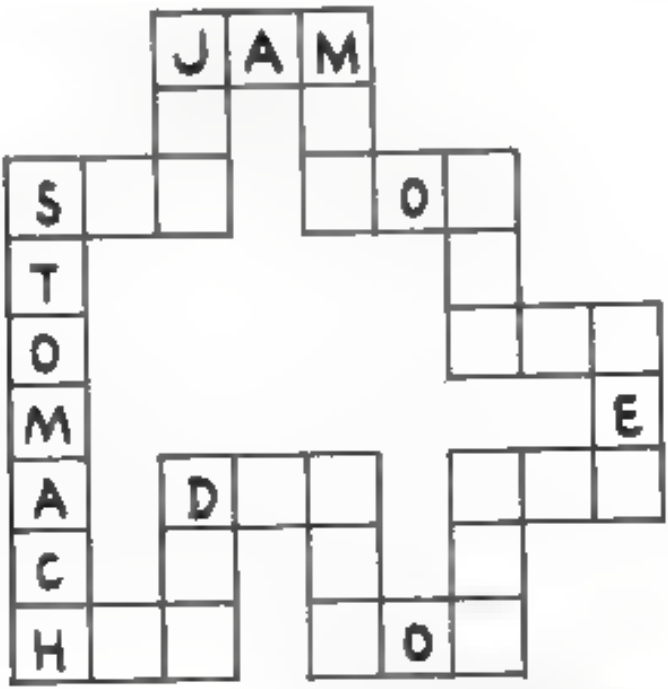
1. Thumba Equatorial Rocket Launching Station.
2. Vikram Sarabhai Space Centre (VSSC).
3. SHAR Centre.
4. Indian Space Research Organization (ISRO).
5. Space Application Centre.
6. Experimental Satellite Communication, Earth Station.

Solution on page 67

PUZZLES

FIT 'EM IN!

Fit the following into their correct places in this grid. Hat, egg, dot, mug, den, jet, top, set, net, cap, pot, toe, get, eat.



H. Sreekar, Std VII,
Rotary English Medium School,
Ranibennur.

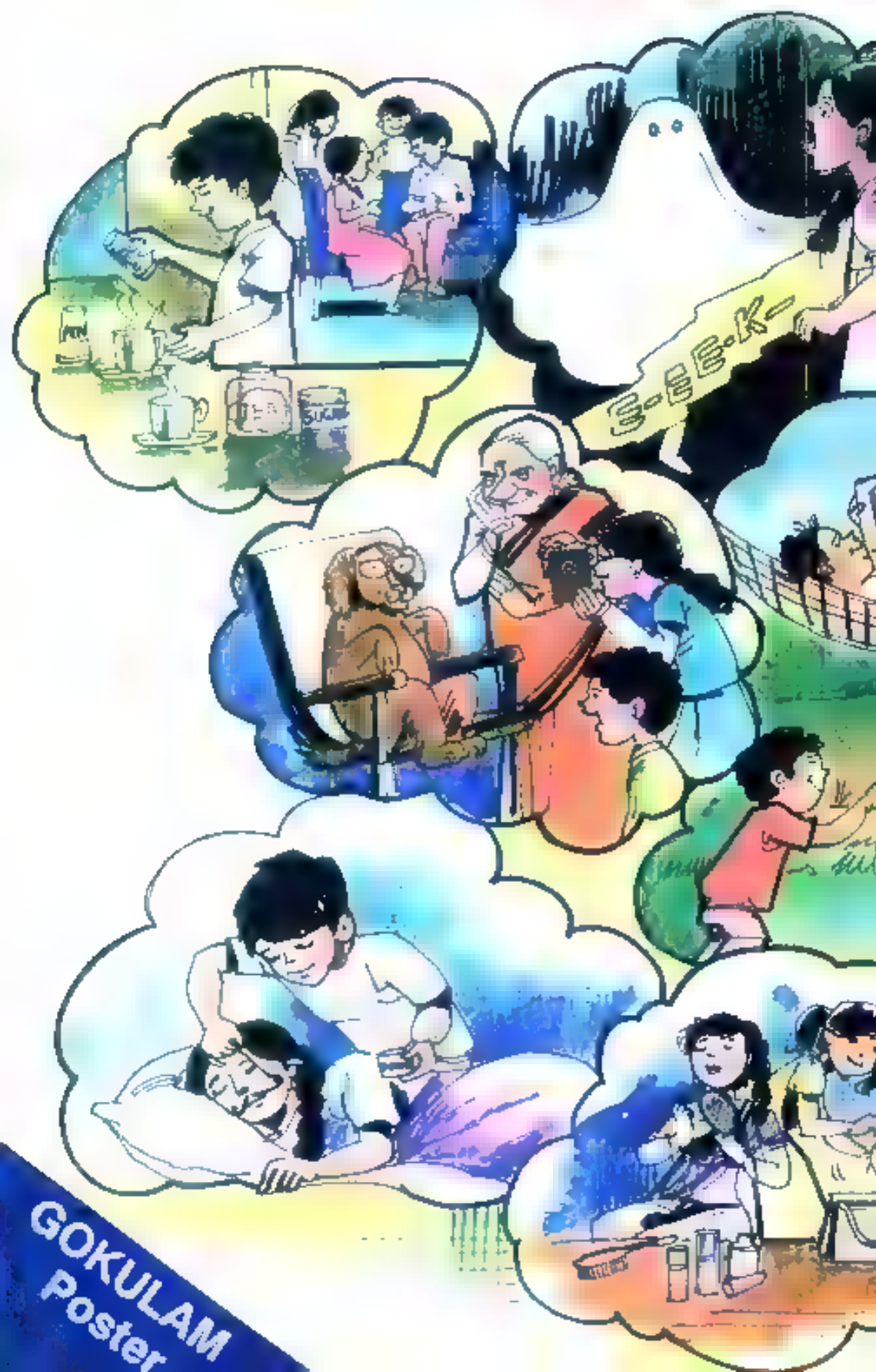
Aunty : Your mother prays for you each night?

Little Arun : Yes, aunty!

Aunty : That's nice. What does she say?

Little Arun : Thank God he's in bed!

Anjali Thorat, aged 14,
Shahabad - 585 229.


E-E-E-K-
GOKULAM
Poster

Concept and illustration : LALITHA

Photograph : M. Parwathisam

Travelling, timeless, and far,
Seems to go on, forever,
Into strange lands beyond.

SIMPLE TIE-DYEING

Tie dyeing is a primitive fabric craft still practised in many countries. The colourful 'Bandhini' of Gujarat is one form of tie-dyeing.

As the name suggests, this craft simply involves tying, then dyeing a piece of cloth to produce beautiful patterns in many colours. These can be then stitched into garments and furnishings.

When a cloth is dyed, it acquires a colour. When certain areas of the cloth are tied

or stitched and then dyed, the dye is unable to enter those areas. This results in patterns formed on the cloth.

Here's an easy way to make tie-dyed pieces of cloth.

Materials required

White cloth (Available in any textile shop)

RSW Powder dye*

Jute rope, the kind used for tying provisions.

Twine

Gunny sack needles

A large, wide-mouthed, heavy vessel

Stove

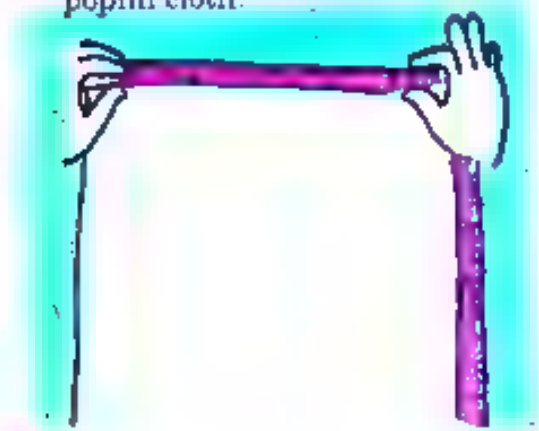
A wooden stick

Salt

* Available in Madras at, Dabba Chetty Stores, Kutcheri Road, Mylapore.; Baanu Fancy Stores, Aminjikarai; Many shops in Devaraja Mudali Street, Parrys.

Let's try out this one colour tie-dyeing; step by step.

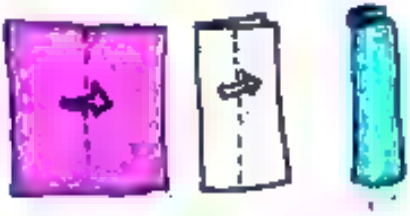
1) Take ½ m length of white poplin cloth.



2) Soak it in water to remove starch.

3) Hang it out to dry.

4) When it is completely dry, fold four times lengthwise.



5) Tie at the centre tightly with twine.

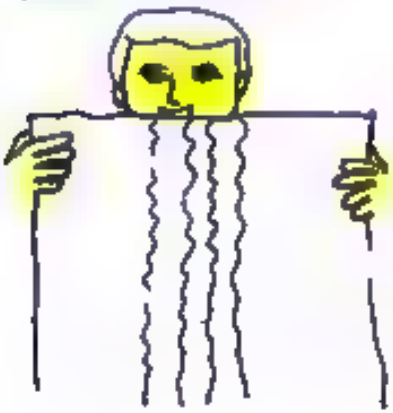
6) Bring to boil, a vessel full of water. Add a pinch of salt and empty the dry packet.

7) With the help of the stick, soak the tied fabric in the dye for 5 minutes.

8) Hang it out to dry.

9) Open the twine....

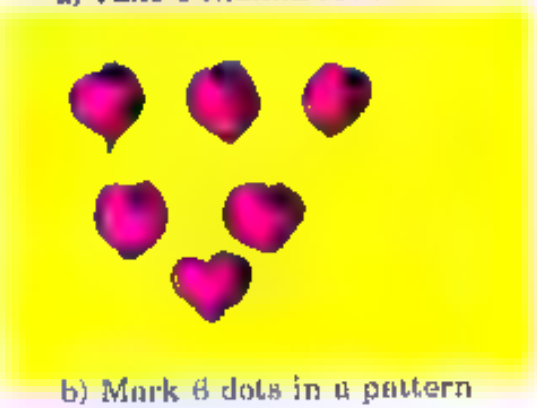
10) ... and discover your lovely piece of tie dyed work!



Now, that was a simple pattern. Try some more methods of tying and stitching to get interesting patterns :

Channa Dots :

a) Take 6 channa seeds.

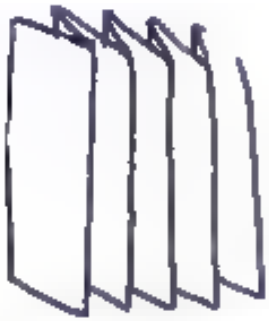


b) Mark 6 dots in a pattern on the cloth.

c) Keeping these dots at the centre of each channa, tie them tightly.

2. *Accordion Fold :*

a) This type of fold is called accordion fold. (Like sari pleats)



b) Accordion fold into strip.

c) Tie at centre.

d) Dye the cloth in one colour.

Horizontal Stripes :

a) Tack across the fabric with twine at 1" intervals.

b) Draw the twine tightly and knot at each end.

c) Tie the resulting tube with rope.

d) Dye one colour.

Centre Diamond :

a) Pull down the fabric at the centre.

b) Tie only at the end.

c) Dye one colour.

Now that we have tried out one colour pieces, lets move on to two or more colour dyeing.

Suppose we want to make a design in white, red and green. This means we are going to dye the cloth in only two colurs i.e., red and green, since, white is the original colour of the cloth.

1) Tie the areas that are going to be white and green.

Cover the green areas with a plastic cover, tied firmly at the neck.

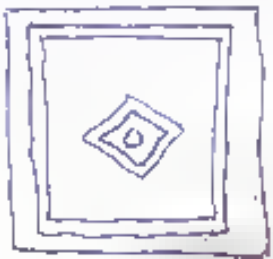
Tie the white areas with twine.

2) Now dye red. Hang it out to dry.

3) Cover the red area with plastic, and expose the areas to be dyed green.

4) Now dye the green colour.

5) After it dries, open out the cloth. You will get this design.



These dyed pieces of cloth can be put to different uses —

1) Blouse for mummy
2) A smart bag
3) Cushion covers and divan spread!

Lengths of cloth you will need for —

Item	Length	Material
1) Blouse	80 cms - 1 m length	poplin
2) Dupatta	2½ m	voile
3) Frock	2 m - 2½ m	poplin
4) Cushion cover	1½ m	cambric
5) Wall piece	any size you wish	cambric

Concept and illustration : Rangashree

RECIPE

SABOODANA PAKODA

You need :

1 cup saboodana
½ cup sooji
2½ cups sour butter milk
5 green chillies
Salt

How to make it :

Soak the saboodana and sooji in sour butter milk. Add small pieces of 5 green chillies and salt (to taste) to the above mix. Heat some some oil in a pan. Make small pakodas, dropping the mix with a teaspoon into the hot oil. Fry till they turn a golden brown. Serve hot with any sauce.

S. Archana, aged 10,
Madras - 600 017.

MOUNTING STAMPS

If you collect stamps, most probably you'll be storing them in a box, or pasting them in a book. Keeping them loose is not safe, and pasting them in a book will destroy them.

Here's an easy method to mount stamps in an album.

You need : Strips of cellophane paper, gum (not fevicol), and scissors.

Cut the cellophane paper into little strips 1" long and ½" wide. Fold the length by ¼" from one side. You should paste the ¼" strip of cellophane on the top of the stamp, leaving the longer length to be pasted firmly on the album.

If, for any reason, you wish to remove the stamp from the album, do so, only after the gum is dry. Then the stamp can be removed easily without damaging the album page too. ■

BABUL THE BULLY

Babul Bear was a big bully. He troubled all his classmates who were smaller and weaker than him.

Babul Bear bullied Chirpy Sparrow into giving him his new box of crayons. He gave Blackie Puppy a box on his ear and took away his packet of toffees. He frightened poor little Fluffy Rabbit and took away her red ribbon. Everybody in Babul Bear's class were afraid of him. Behind his back, they called him Babul the Bully!

One day Cheeky Cat brought a fine football to school. During lunch hour, Cheeky Cat and his classmates had fun playing with it. No one asked Babul Bear to join the game. He got very angry.

"Give me that football Cheeky!" he shouted.

Cheeky Cat clutched the football in his hand and ran away. For the rest of the lunch hour he kept out of Babul's way. The school bell rang. All the students assembled in the class.

Cheeky Cat came in. He was crying bitterly.

"What is the matter, Cheeky?" asked Chirpy Sparrow.

"Boo hoo!" Cheeky Cat sobbed. I have lost my football. "I was

sitting under a tree with my football near me. I was hiding from Babul Bear. When the bell rang I got up. I could not find my football. I am sure Babul the Bully stole it!"

Just then Lion Teacher entered the class.

"Sir!" Cheeky Cat sobbed. "Babul Bear has stolen my football!"

"Yes! Yes!" Everyone cried out, "Babul Bear is a big bully!"

Babul Bear felt very bad hearing them say that. He had not taken Cheeky Cat's football.

"Babul the bully took away my crayons!" cried Chirpy Sparrow.

Blackie Puppy joined in, "He took away my toffees."

"He took away my red ribbon!" That was Fluffy Rabbit.

"Yes! Yes!" Everyone cried out, "Babul Bear is a bully and a thief!"

Suddenly Rinky Squirrel from the next class came in. He was holding Cheeky Cat's football.

"I found this lying in the play ground, sir!" he said. He gave the ball to Lion Teacher.

"Oh, dear!" said Cheeky Cat. "It must have rolled away while I was sitting down. I am sorry for calling you a thief, Babul!"

Babul Bear felt relieved.

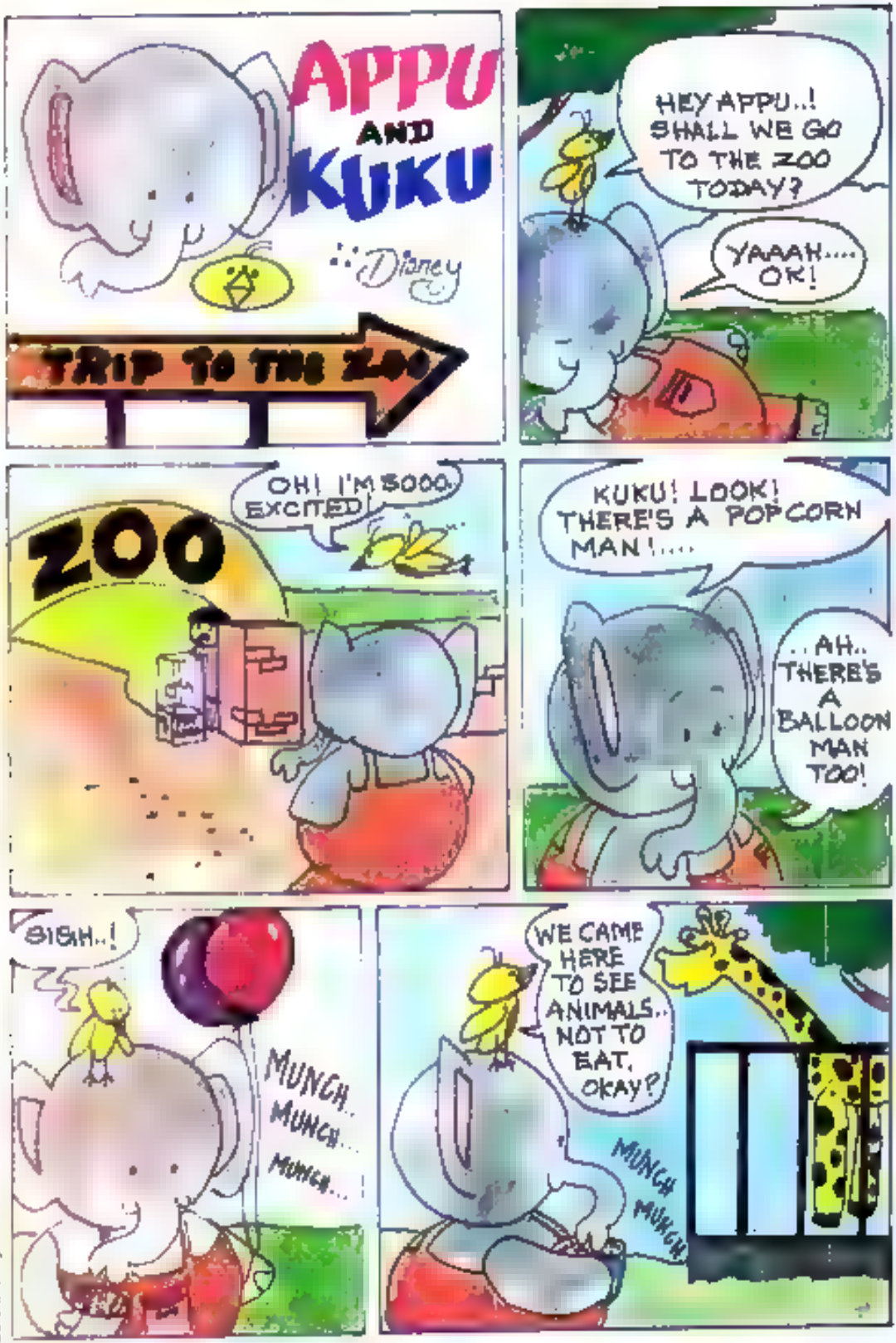
"Nobody in class likes me!" he realized. "I suppose I am a thief. I have taken things which don't belong to me!"

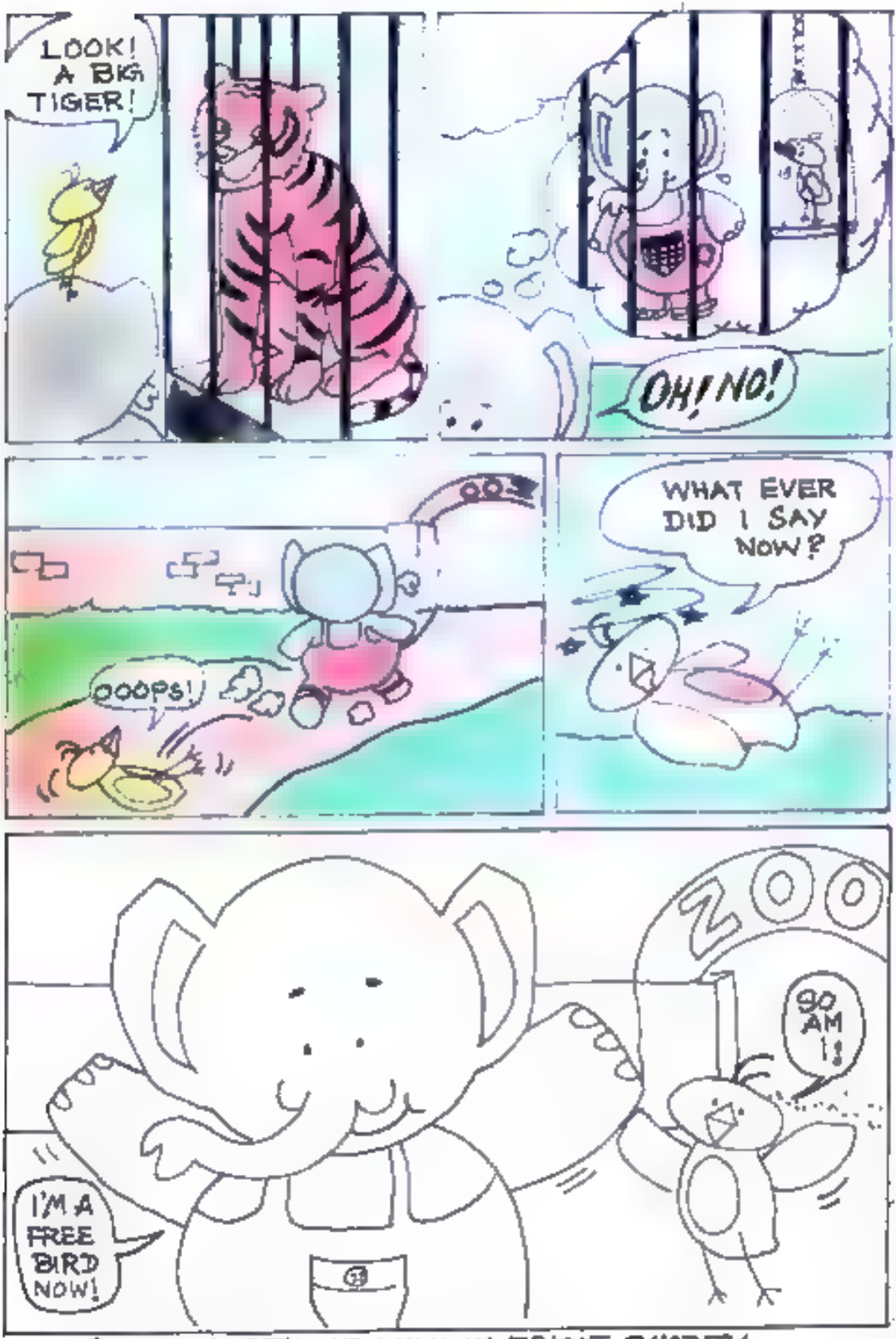
The next day, Babul Bear brought back Chirpy Sparrow's box of crayons. He bought Blackie Puppy a new packet of toffees. (He had eaten up the old ones.) He brought back Fluffy Rabbit's red ribbon.

"I shall never bully anyone again," Babul Bear said. "I want my classmates to like me."

Babul Bear kept his word. He never bullied anyone again.

GEETHANJALI


APPU AND KUKU
Disney
TRIP TO THE ZOO
HEY APPU..! SHALL WE GO TO THE ZOO TODAY?
YAAAH.... OK!
ZOO
OH! I'M SOOO EXCITED
KUKU! LOOK! THERE'S A POPCORN MAN!....
..AH.. THERE'S A BALLOON MAN TOO!
SIGH..!
MUNCH.. MUNCH... MUNCH...
WE CAME HERE TO SEE ANIMALS.. NOT TO EAT, OKAY?
MUNCH MUNCH



COLOUR APPU AND KUKU IN BRIGHT SHADES!

THE DELICIOUS MANGO

The mango season has come again. We see the yellow, golden, juicy fruit wherever we go. Do you know the story of mango fruit?

India is the leading mango-cultivating country in the world. 43% of land under fruit cultivation in India belongs to the noble mango. There are an estimated thousand varieties of mangoes in India. Twenty of them are cultivated on a large scale. Alphonso and Dassehri are two of the varieties that are exported.

Many varieties bear pleasant names — Alumpur Banarsi, Baneshan, Neelam, Bombay-queen, Khudadad Manoranjan, Alphonso, Suvarnarekha, Banganapalli, Chinnarasam, etc.

There are many varieties, which bear the names of kings who loved the mango fruit. Badsha-Pasand, Jahangir, Muhammad-e-samar, are three examples.

A mango tree, in Burnala village in Chandigarh is the biggest in the world. The circumference of the tree is 34

DID YOU KNOW?

..... that the Earth would just fit in between Saturn and its rings?

..... that Saturn's main moon is called Titan?

..... that Mercury was bombarded by meteorites soon after its formation? That is why it has a cratered surface.

..... that the Halley's comet was named after the man who worked out its orbit, Edmund Halley?

..... that Pluto was discovered only in 1930? That was when an assistant at Flagstaff Observatory, Arizona followed calculations made years earlier by Lowell.

ft. Each and every branch looks like a separate tree on its own.

The biggest mango farm is also in India. It spreads over 600 acres of land, and is in Yerappagas village in the Nalkonda district. The owner is Shyam Sundar Reddi.

Outside Lucknow is the oldest Dassehri mango tree. It is said to be more than 150 years old.

The smallest variety of mango is "Mahmooda". We can see this in Vikrambad, in the Medok district in Hyderabad. It grows to a height of 8 feet only. Malgova is one of the juciest mango varieties.

In 1889, many varieties of mango seedlings were exported to America. The only variety which withstood the environmental change was Malgova. But it took 8 years of hard labour for the tree to grow.

The mango fruit is rich in vitamins A and C. It is good for health too.

The story of the mango goes on. The popular fruit continues to attract young and old alike.

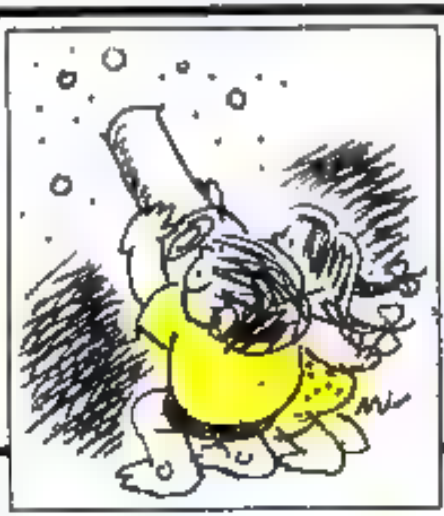
V. Varadarajan, aged 14,
Trivandrum - 695 023.

..... that some moon rocks resemble volcanic lava found on earth?

..... that Mercury takes only 88 days to orbit the sun?

..... that spacecrafts have photographed dried-up channels in Mars, indicating that the planet was wetter in the past?

Compiled by
Shreya Raman, aged 12,
Good Shepherd H.S.S.,
Madras.



EXPERIENCE

TARZAN BABY!

My mother often tells me of an incident that happened when I was a baby. It was the year 1980. My father had been transferred to Delhi. We were living in a rented house. It was an ordinary house, except that the terrace had no railings or walls! There was a staircase that lead to this terrace. It was unused except during emergencies.

One day, my mother found me missing. She searched everywhere, and finally found me hanging by my hands from the 'terrace'!

Terrified, she ran up as fast as her legs could carry her and saved me in the nick of time.

No one knew how I got there (including me!)

I soon became well known in the area by the name 'Tarzan'.

Manual Prosper Kamal Raj,
Coimbatore - 41.

POETRY

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Hot, Hot, Hot
In the summer's pot
Throw out History
Read all mystery
Don't believe in chemistry!

Eat, Eat, Eat,
Eat a treat
Eat chocolates and lollies,
Don't commit many follies,
Through out the Summer Holidays!

T. Anjani, aged 11,
Hyderabad - 500 482.

Photo : Natarajan

SACRIFICE OF A BONE

The *devas* and the *asuras* were always at war with each other. Being as different in nature as chalk from cheese, they never settled their disputes amicably. It was one battle after another, continuously.

An asura named Bakasura was particularly ferocious by nature. His very name sent shivers down the *devas'* spines. Hundreds of *devas* had fallen at his hands. Finally, unable to bear his atrocities any more, the *devas* approached their raja, Indra.

"O lord!" they begged. "Please do something about this terrible fellow."

Indra himself, was terribly afraid of Bakasura. So he said, "Come with me to *Brahmaloka*. Only He, can solve your problem."

Brahma heard them out patiently.

"Bakasura is very strong," he said. "There is only one way he can be killed. By a weapon made from the bones of the great sage Dadhichi."

"Everybody love their lives dearly," replied Indra. "Will the sage be willing to lose his life just to give us his bones?"

"Dadhichi is a noble and spiritual man," said Brahma. "Why don't you try asking him?"

The *devas* travelled to *Bhooloka* looking for Dadhichi. At last, they found him in an ashram in the middle of a deep forest.

The sage was very happy to see them, and welcomed them with joy.

It took Indra and his *devas* sometime to explain the purpose of their visit.

At last, they told him of Brahma's words.

"If, by killing an evil person," said Dadhichi, "Others will be free of his atrocities, it should be done at once. Kill Bakasura, and if you need my bones for it, they shall be yours."

So saying, the great sage stopped breathing and lay lifeless.

The weapon was duly made, and Bakasura was dead at last.

K.S. Suchitra, aged 11,
B.P. Indian Public School,
Bangalore.

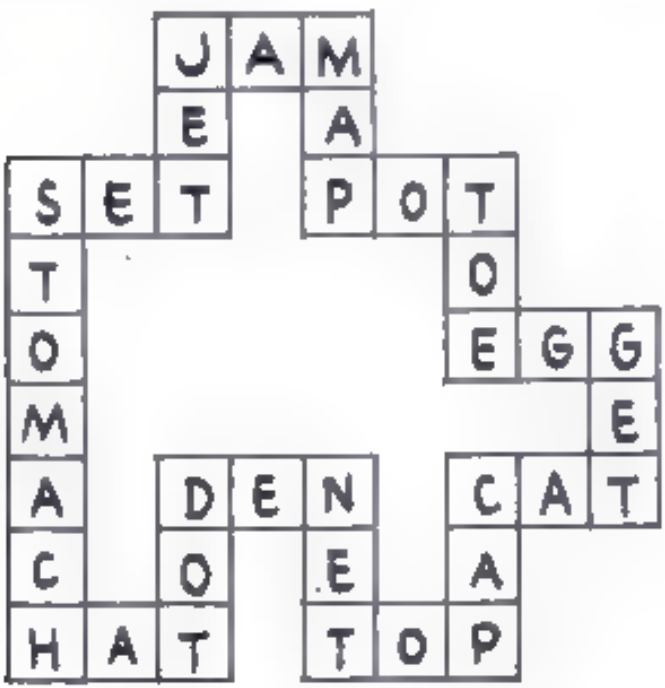
Answers

Pages 46 – 47

JUMBLED WORDS

1) PLAYGROUND
2) PRINCIPAL
3) CLASSROOM
4) TEACHER
5) GARDEN
6) BENCHES
7) BLACKBOARD
8) CHALKPIECES
9) ASSEMBLY
10) STUDENTS
11) CAPTAIN
12) STAFFROOM

FIT 'EM IN!



'Nation' Quiz

1. Examination
2. Combination
3. Coronation
4. Co-ordination
5. Imagination
6. Subordination
7. Assassination
8. Explanation

Where Are They?

1. Near Thiruvananthapuram
2. Thiruvananthapuram
3. Shriharikota in A. P.
4. Bangalore.
5. Ahmedabad.
6. Arvi, near Pune.

SRI LANKA

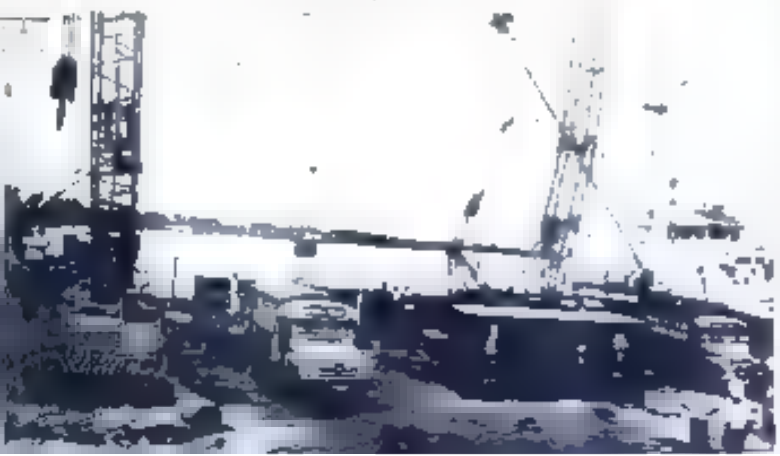
Sri lanka is an island. It is in the Indian Ocean, to the south of India. It lies between longitudes 79° and 82° east, and latitudes 5° and 10° north. From north to south, the island is 425 kilometres long. From west to east, it is 225 kilometres wide.

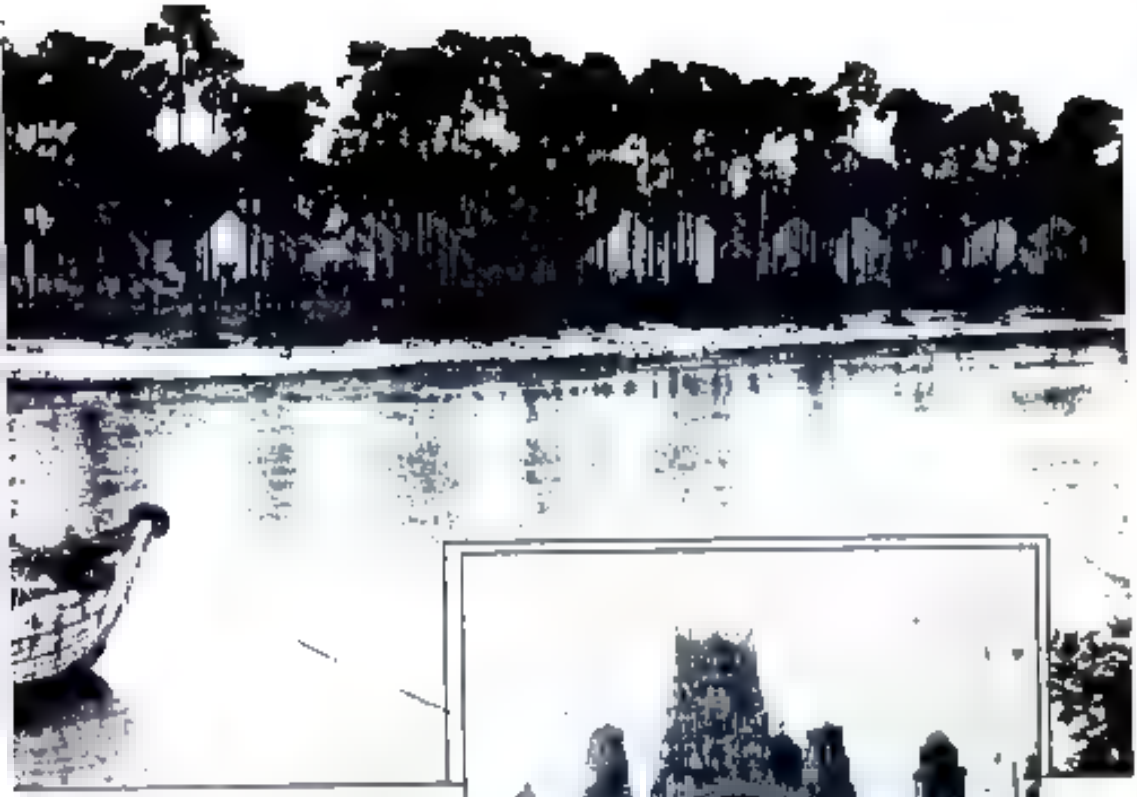
The central part of Sri Lanka is hilly, and is called the hill country. The coastal parts, are the plains, and are called the low country. Many rivers rise from the central hills, and flow into the sea through the coastal plains. The longest river is the Mahaweli which is over 300 kilometers long. The highest mountain is the Pedurutalagala, which is 2524 metres high.

* A view of Kankesanthurai

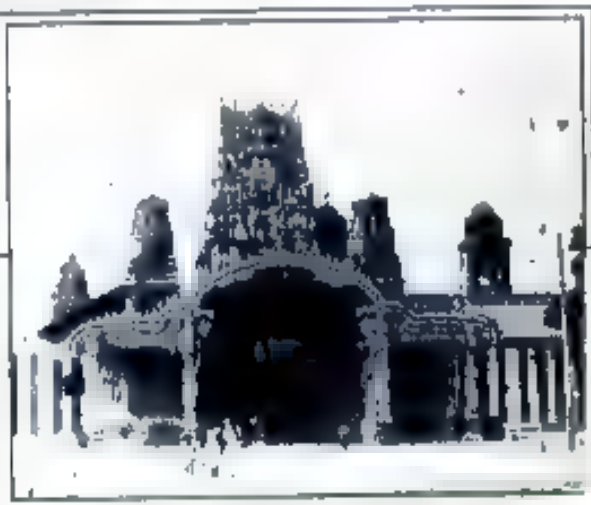
The hill country has a lovely climate. Nuwara Eliya and Bandarawela, are considered to be healthy places. Many people go there during certain seasons for their health. The low country in the south and west, is warm and wet. But the northern and eastern plains are warm and dry. Tea and rubber grow on the hills; coconuts and

* the dockyard - Kankesanthurai





paddy grow on the plains. There are many different wild flowers, shurbs and trees here. The Peradeniya and Haggala Botanical Gardens have a large variety of tropical plants.



• The Nalloor Kandaswamy Temple

Wild animals live in game reserves. Elephants, leopards, bears, deer, loris and monkeys are found here. Two of these wildlife parks are at Loilpattu and Yala, where many varieties of birds live in their natural habitat. Peacocks, eagles, jungle fowl and parrots are some of the four hundred kinds of birds that are found on the island.

The economy of Sri Lanka is both agricultural and trade based. Tea, rubber and coconut products are important exports. Spices, for example – cinnamon, cardamom, cloves and pepper — are exported to markets overseas. Rice is grown for home consumption. A new industry is the export of clothing and textiles. Tourism is also important. Sri Lanka has always been famous for its precious stones. In the past, traders from overseas have visited the island looking for gems. It is an important export market even today.

The country is divided into nine provinces. The capital city of Sri Lanka is Colombo.

In ancient times, Sri Lanka was ruled by our own kings. They ruled for the most part at Anuradhapura. They built wonderful tanks, *dagobas* and *viharas*. Many beautiful paintings can be seen in these ancient *viharas* even today.

The first Sinhalese king of Lanka was Vijaya. He came from India. The last king of Lanka was Sri Vickrama Rajasinghe, who ruled at Kandy. We were ruled by the British for some time. In 1948, we became a free nation once again. Today, we govern ourselves. We belong to different communities such as Sinhalese, Tamils, Burghers, Muslims and Europeans. We follow different religions. But we all live like members of one large family, for we dearly love our mother country.

Fathima Fareena,
aged 13,
Zahira Central College,
Sri Lanka.

STORIES RETOLD

THE SICKLE

A farmer was once returning from a fair with a bag of money and a cow. As he passed through a lonely stretch of forest, a robber suddenly stood before him with a sickle.

"Give me that bag and your cow," shouted the robber. "Or I'll kill you!"

The farmer did so. Then he hesitated and turned to the robber. "My good man," he said. "You have taken away everything I had. Please can you give me something to take home to my wife?"

So the foolish robber gave the farmer his sickle. As he turned to go, the farmer cried, "Stop where you are! Give me that money and that cow! Or I'll kill you!"

The poor robber did so.

"And don't you ever trouble people again!" So saying, the farmer went home safe and sound.

Adithyaa Srikkanth, aged 9,
Madras.

Biography of Thiruvalluvar

It is not known where Thiruvalluvar, the poet-saint of Tamil Nadu was born. It is assumed that he was born in Madurai, and brought up in Mylapore, now, a part of the present day Madras. His wife Vasuki, was well-known for her devotion to her husband.

There are many stories about them. An ascetic, Konganavar, was doing penance in a forest. A crane sitting on the branch above, let fall some droppings which fell on him. Konganavar was enraged and cursed the bird with an angry look. The poor crane was immediately reduced to ashes!

One day, Konganavar, begging for alms reached Vasuki's house. At that moment Vasuki was busy serving her husband food. Only after he had finished eating, did Vasuki come out. Konganavar glared at her angrily. But Vasuki calmly asked him, "Do you think I am the crane you cursed?"

Konganavar was stunned. He realized that Vasuki had more powers than he had. He bowed his head in shame.

In another instance, Vasuki was drawing water from the well. Just then, she heard her husband call her. At once, she let go of the rope and rushed into the house. The bucket filled with water was seen to hang in the mid-air till she came out again, and pulled it up.

Thiruvalluvar was a weaver by profession.

'Thiruvalluvar' was not his original name. It refers probably to his profession. His great work the *'Thirukkural'* a collection of maxims in poetry is a basic part of Tamil literature. Thiruvalluvar believed in God, but ignored differences between religions.

Though no one knows when exactly the poet was born, the third day in the month of *Thai* is celebrated as his birthday.

J. John Dorairaj

STORY

REVENGE

When the old zamindar died, his son took over as the new zamindar. The young man was very mean and miserly, and hated to spend a single paisa. As soon as he became zamindar, he dismissed the old accountant, Munshijee.

Munshijee was an old man, and had been in the old zamindar's employ all his life. Now dismissed from his job, he could find no other work for his livelihood.

He begged the young zamindar, "Master ! Please don't dismiss me. Who'll keep the books for you?"

"I'll do it myself," retorted the zamindar. "You may go now."

Munshijee was disappointed, and angry too. But what could he do? He bided his time for revenge.

Ramu was one of the zamindar's tenants. He had a buffalo, whose milk he sold for a living. He delivered milk, and ghee to the old Munshijee too. When he stood before Munshijee for payment towards the end of the month, he received nothing.

"I have been thrown out of my job, Ramu," said the old man sadly. "Where do I have the money to pay you?"

Ramu went away without saying anything. But he continued to deliver milk and ghee to Munshijee.

Finally, one day, Munshijee told the faithful Ramu, "I owe you a lot of money, Ramu. I have a plan, and you must help me. Get me five hundred silver rupee coins, and five *bighas* of the zamindar's lands will be yours."

Ramu stood there open-mouthed.

"How can I simply take away five *bighas* like that, Munshijee?" he asked. "You are no longer the zamindar's accountant."

"Don't worry about that," replied Munshijee. "Leave everything to me. Only, get me five hundred silver coins of one rupee each."

Ramu nodded his head and went away.

He sold his buffalo and gave Munshijee the amount that was asked.

Munshijee visited five of the respected village elders. He asked them to assemble at the platform that stood before the Kali temple at exactly 10 a.m. on a certain day.

At the appointed time, Munshijee was at the spot with a lighted lantern, and the five hundred silver rupee coins in a bowl.

"Ramu has paid me this money," he told the five witnesses.

Then, one by one, he tossed each silver rupee coin thrice into the air. He then tossed it into his bag. When the whole operation was completed, he handed over the deed and the receipt written on the zamindar's paper to Ramu.

When the monsoons set in, Ramu began to till his land with a plough and two oxen. When the zamindar heard of it, he was simply furious.

"How dare Ramu till my land as if it were his!" he cried. He sent some men to drive Ramu out of his field.

Ramu stood before the zamindar. He showed him the deed and the receipt, written in Munshijee's handwriting. He also told the zamindar of the five witnesses who were present at the time when he received the documents.

The zamindar, brought Ramu, Munshijee, and the five witnesses before the judge. The five witnesses told the judge, "You Honour, the

deceitful Munshijee took five hundred rupees from innocent Ramu, and gave him these documents."

"How do you know there were five hundred rupees?" asked the judge.

"He had five hundred rupee coins with him in silver. He tossed each coin thrice into the air before putting it into the bag," they replied.

"Where did it take place?" asked the judge.

"At the platform in front of the Kali temple," was the reply.

"What time was it?" the judge asked the next question.

"At ten o'clock in the morning, Your Honour," the witnesses replied. "Munshijee had lit a lantern too!"

The judge now turned to Munshijee.

"Sire," replied the old man. "I am an old man. How could I cheat anybody, that too in broad daylight? And these witnesses say that I had a lantern with me! In daylight? Why should I waste my time tossing a coin into the air thrice? These men are lying. This land was sold to Ramu by the present zamindar's father before he died. I had nothing to do with it."

The puzzled judge shook his head in bewilderment.

He dismissed the case against Munshijee.

After the incident, the old Munshijee was no longer seen in the village. He had made five respectable men look like liars, and had fooled the zamindar.

The guilty man, therefore, vanished.

Dr. M.Q. KHAN

Q : Why is the letter 'C' like a magician?

A : It can turn ash into cash!

R. Niranjan, aged 8,
Calcutta - 700 029.

Q : What do you get from a forgetful cow?

A : Milk of amnesia!

H. Sudeer Pai,
Bangalore - 44.

PUZZLES

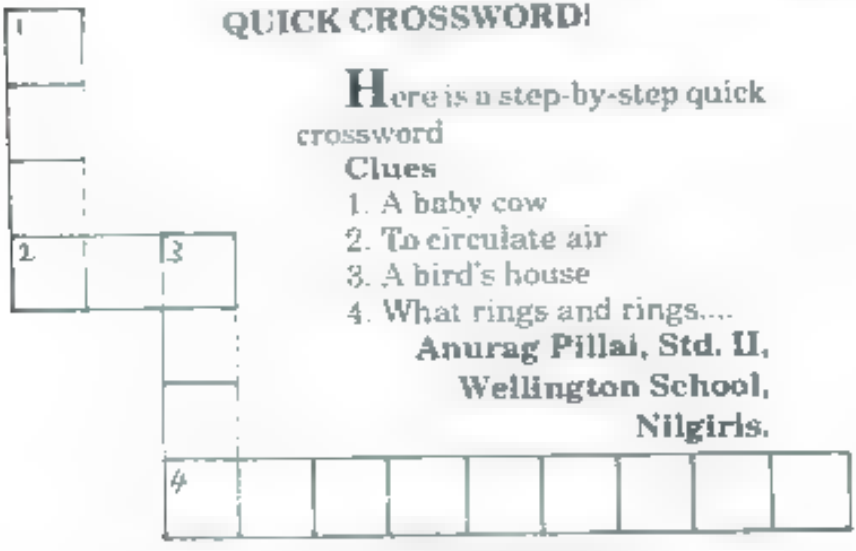
VOCABULARY GAME

By adding 'ear' to most of the letters in the English alphabet, we get words like bear, dear, fear, gear, hear, etc...

Can you find similar words by adding 'eat' and 'end' to the letters of the alphabet?

J. Subhashini, aged 15,
Madras - 600 061.

QUICK CROSSWORD!



Here is a step-by-step quick crossword

Clues

1. A baby cow
2. To circulate air
3. A bird's house
4. What rings and rings....

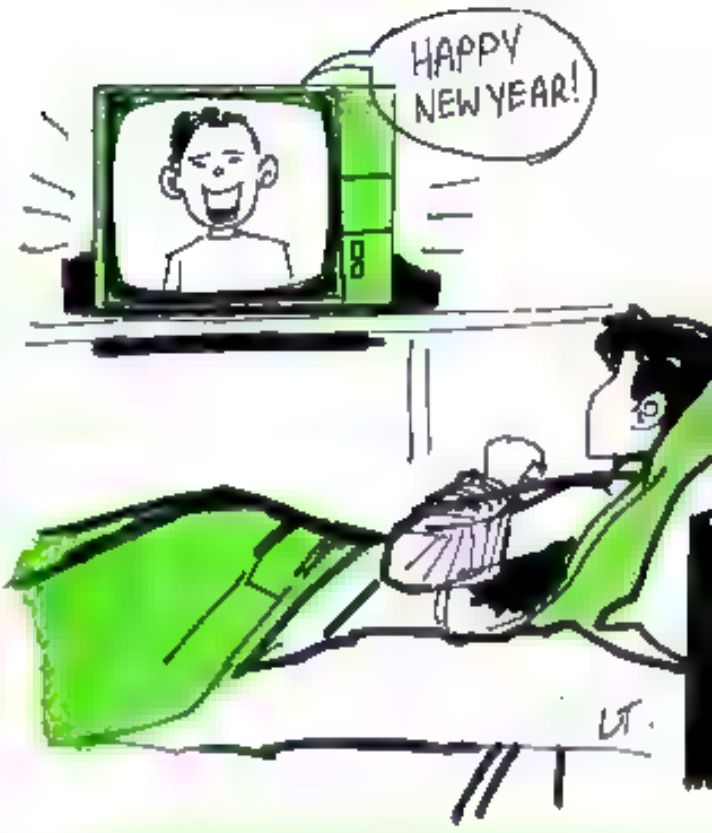
Anurag Pillai, Std. II,
Wellington School,
Nilgiris.

MIRROR PRINT!

Hold this page up before a mirror, and this puzzle will become clear to you!

Ezhilarasi, Std. VI,
Anna Adarsh M.H.S.,
Madras.

Solution on page 80



A NEW YEAR BREAK!

A SWINGING EXPERIENCE

It was December 31, 1989. I was studying in the fourth standard.

My dear mother, aunt, and grandmother had gone to the *'Book Fair'* leaving me and my cousin in my grandpa's care.

While playing with my cousin, I decided to play in the cane swing hanging in the balcony. I climbed onto it. Before I could seat myself comfortably, my cousin gave the swing a hard push.

It began to swing wildly. I lost my grip and fell down with a loud thud.

My left arm was twisted under my body. It hurt badly. I screamed out aloud.

Grandpa came running. He saw at once that I had broken my arm.

We rushed to the hospital. The doctor in the emergency ward ordered an 'X-RAY'. He soon diagnosed a *'green-stick fracture.'*

I was given an injection. I began to feel drowsy. When I woke up, I found that my left-arm had been bandaged, and put in a sling. There was no pain, but I felt very weak.

I was back home to spend the New-Year's Eve, watching the special T.V. programmes lying on my bed. Wasn't it some way to end the old year, and begin a new one?

Abishek Srikumar, Std. VII,
P.S. Senior Secondary School,
Madras.

PENPALS' PAGES

If you want a penpal, just choose a name from those given below and write to him/her.

Please do not send your name and other particulars to us, as we will be unable to publish them.

Name : J.J. Sukanya
Age : 15 years
Address : No. 727, 5th Block, H.M.T. Layout, Vidyaranyapura, Bangalore - 560 013.
Hobbies : Drawing, reading, cycling and watching T.V. movies, etc.

Name : K.N.V.S.K. Subrahmanyam
Age : 16 years
Address : Door No. 50-13-10, Seetampeta, Visakhapatanam - 530 016.
Hobbies : Stamp and coin collection, break-dance, western music, pen-friends, etc.

Name : P. Srikanth
Age : 15 years
Address : No. 3, Ranganathan Lane, Radha Nagar, Chetumpet, Madras - 44.
Hobbies : Singing *bajans*, enacting skits, and reading.

Name : H. Senthil Kumar
Age : 16 years
Address : 10/258 K, Below Old Kalaiarangal Theatre, Aruvankady, Nilgiris - 643 202.

Name : Sunil Nigam
Age : 14 years
Address : B-59, Pandhar Colony, (Near Bus-stand), P.O. Nepanagar, Pin : 450 221. (M.P.)
Hobbies : Painting, table tennis and making friends.

Name : Mansi Jagtap
Age : 11 years
Address : 101, Vaibhal Niwas, St. Xaviers Street, Parel, Bombay - 400 012.
Hobbies : Reading, solving puzzles, collecting coins, doing needle-work, watching cricket, preparing tea or coffee, and travelling.

Name : Brijesh H. Gadhia
Age : 13 years
Address : G/2 Gresil Apts., Narvir Janaji Road, Vileparle (West), Bombay - 400 056.
Hobbies : Collecting coins, stamps, greetings cards, watching movies, reading, playing cricket and badminton.

Name : B. Chitra
Age : 11 years
Address : Plot No. 7, Vinan Nagar Colony, Begumpet, Hyderabad.
Hobbies : Reading, writing poems, listening to music, singing, dancing, drawing and painting, etc.

Name : S. Karthik
Age : 13 years
Address : No. 3, Chakrapani Street, Satya Garden, Madras - 600 093.
Hobbies : Reading books, drawing, stamp collecting, watching cartoons and playing cricket.

Name : M. Dilip
Age : 11 years
Address : R 28, Shankar Mutt Road, Bangalore - 4.
Hobbies : Playing cricket, and shuttle-cock, reading story books.

Name : Raja
Age : 15 years
Address : 2, First Street, Balaji Nagar, Royapettah, Madras - 600 014.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and coins, reading detective novels and science books, etc.

Name : P. Vinod Kumar
Age : 14 years
Address : Goonan Khan Estate, Herible Post, Chickmagallur Dist., Karnataka.
Hobbies : Collecting labels, reading, playing cricket, collecting pictures of cricket players, etc.

Name : N. Anup
Age : 10 years
Address : No. 28, Anugraha, Maruthi Society Layout, Gurappanalaya, Bangalore - 560 029.
Hobbies : Playing games, reading books, etc.

Name : Vighnesh
Age : 11 years
Address : 10, Jawahar Nagar, Range Hills Corner, Pune - 411 016.
Hobbies : Reading, collecting stamps and coins, etc.

Name : Sanjivni D. Halke
Age : 16 years
Address : M-5/19/151, I.S.R.O. Qrts, Shastrinagar, Ahmedabad - 380 013.
Hobbies : Reading novels, making friends, painting, travelling, swimming, table-tennis, etc.

Name : G. Priya
Age : 15 years
Address : 54 -C, Type II Qrts., Block - 6, Neyveli - 607 803.
Hobbies : Listening to music, playing carrom, singing, writing to penpals', etc.

Name : K. Sreechander
Age : 16 years
Address : H.No. 12-10-399/2A, Opp. Suresh Theatre, Sitaphal Mandi, Secunderabad - 500 361.
Hobbies : Reading books, cycling, going on picnics, listening to music and playing football.

Name : Praveen K. Jaiswal
Age : 15 years
Address : Vidyanagar Colony, Block No. 16, Mauha Road, Jalna - 431 203. (Maharashtra)
Hobbies : Reading, collecting stamps, playing chess and badminton, making pen-friends, watching Jackie Chan movies.

Name : S. Arunkumar
Age : 13 years
Address : 306, Venkatraman Nagar, Hasthinapuram, Madras - 64.
Hobbies : Collecting stamps, currencies of various countries, cycling, learning the violin, etc.

Name : S. Rajeswari
Age : 14 years
Address : 15, Car Street, Salem - 636 001.
Hobbies : Collecting coins, labels, picture postcards, reading and photography.

Name : Nalini Kanta Panigrahi
Age : 15 years
Address : Roll No. 2544, Gomati House, Sainik House, Sainik School, Bhubaneshwar, Puri - 751 005.

Name : Shilpa
Age : 12 years
Address : A-2/86, Safdarjung Enclave, New Delhi - 110 029.
Hobbies : Collecting stamps, pen friends, listening to music, reading, watching movies, etc.

Name : J. Pradeep Kumar
Age : 11 years
Address : H.No. 351/3, Behind N.C.C. Office (No. 25), Tal Jhoti, Chota Tengra, Jhapalapur, Kharagpur, Midnapore - 721 301.
Hobbies : Collecting stamps, reading and learning sports.

Name : B. Rogini
Age : 9 years
Address : Plot No. 16, Swamy Nagar, Stage IV, Ullagaram, Madras - 91.
Hobbies : Riding my cycle, reading story books, drawing, singing and dancing.

Name : Rajesh Kamath
Age : 10 years
Address : Laxmindra Nagar, 6th Cross, Opp. Dev. Ashish, Kunjbettu, Udupi. (S.K.)
Hobbies : Reading, watching movies, collecting stamps, cycling, playing games like volley-ball, cricket, etc.

Name : Tina Varghese
Age : 13 years
Address : A2-72, Safdarjung Enclave, New Delhi - 110 029
Hobbies : Listening to English songs, singing, making penpals', playing basket-ball and volley-ball

Name : R. Kalpana Ramaswamy
Age : 12 years
Address : 7B, Meena Estate, Part III, Sowripalayam Road, Coimbatore - 28.
Hobbies : Reading story books, playing tennis, collecting stamps and coins, playing shuttle, etc.

Name : Santosh Balakrishnan
Age : 11 years
Address : Flat No. 29, Shakti-Dham, Shree Nagar HSG Complex, Panchphakhadi, Wagle Estate, Thane - 400 064
Hobbies : Reading story books, playing cricket, writing poems and stories, collecting rare coins, etc.

Name : Supth S. Kamath
Age : 8 years
Address : 34 B, 'Basava Kripa' Ganesh Colony, S.N. Pet,
Bellary - 583 103.
Hobbies : Drawing, dancing, music, reading and cricket

Name : Praveen S. Kamal
Age : 10 years
Address : D 2, New Greenland Co-op. Housing Society, (behind) Military Hospital Camal, Panaji,
Goa - 403 001.
Hobbies : Playing cards, cricket and basket-ball, collecting stamps and coins.

Name : Reena Lydia Richard
Age : 12 years
Address : 65, Aspiran Garden, II Street, Kilpauk, Madras - 600 010.
Hobbies : Stamp collection, reading, playing badminton, handicraft, and drawing.

Name : K. Kiran
Age : 16 years
Address : Kavya Nursing Home, Picket, Secunderabad - 500 003.
Hobbies : Listening to songs, watching cricket and foot-ball, and collecting coins.

Name : R. Manoj
Age : 11 years
Address : 13, Baroda Street, West Mambalam, Madras - 600 033.
Hobbies : Swimming, playing games, stamps collecting.

Name : Ramesh Kumar
Age : 11 years
Address : Block No. 1, Shastri Nagar, P.O. Kadma, Jamshedpur - 831 005.
Hobbies : Collecting stamps, reading, etc.

Name : B. Raghunandan
Age : 13 years
Address : Std. IX-A, St. Joseph Boy's Higher Sec. School,
Coonoor - 643 102
Nilgiris
Hobbies : Playing foot-ball, cricket, cartoons, watching movies and writing letters.

Name : Meera H.P.K.
Age : 13 years
Address : D.o. H.N. Prakesh Krishna, Erraganahalli, Lalithadripura, Mysore - 11.
Hobbies : Dancing, watching T.V., reading and singing.

Name : Suhas Mannur
Age : 14 years
Address : S.o. S.G. Mannur
Prabhunagar, Bethora Road, Ponda,
Goa - 403 401.
Hobbies : Reading, travelling, collecting stamps and coins, etc.

ANSWERS

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E	Q	J	F	M	L	H	C	D	A	P	R	K	F	E
C	A	J	A	O	D	H	A	C	R	N	A	M	A	V
H	K	R	A	O	C	T	O	B	E	R	N	T	E	R
O	Y	U	B	N	B	O	R	H	S	E	A	N	A	R
F	A	L	L	M	U	T	S	A	L	R	U	R	T	H
T	F	K	R	O	A	A	P	R	I	L	G	O	Y	S
H	E	H	N	R	Z	H	R	I	T	D	U	Z	E	G
E	B	C	A	O	M	M	A	Y	A	E	S	P	O	M
Q	R	Y	S	M	V	P	T	T	A	C	T	N	Y	N
N	U	O	K	E	E	E	D	O	Y	E	O	D	A	R
M	A	R	I	N	O	D	M	A	M	M	G	S	R	Y
A	R	B	E	A	S	A	B	B	S	B	R	R	O	K
R	Y	S	Q	J	U	N	E	N	E	E	P	B	M	Z
C	B	M	D	N	J	R	I	R	N	R	A	A	T	A
H	E	K	I	G	H	T	P	Y	A	R	J	U	L	Y

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QUICK CROSSWORD!

		1C						
		A						
		L						
	2F	A	3N					
			E					
			S					
4T	E	L	E	P	H	O	N	E

Page 17

ROUND 'N' ROUND!

I found 32 words.

1. Coin; 2. in; 3. India; 4. an; 5. ant; 6. ten; 7. end; 8. do; 9. dog; 10. germ; 11. man; 12. many; 13. any; 14. nylon; 15. lone; 16. one; 17. not; 18. to; 19. tower; 20. error; 21. or; 22. ran; 23. range; 24. angel; 25. elbow; 26. how; 27. no; 28. obey; 29. eye; 30. year; 31. our; 32. are.

TITLE TERMS!

1. Rule by a king; 2. Rule of the people; 3. State of having no government; 4. Rule by a tyrant.

Q : What do you get if you stand in honey?
A : Sweet feet!

Divyana Murdeshwar,
aged 10,
Salem - 636 030.

VIEWPOINT

Dear Editor,

This is with reference to Namratha's letter in the April issue. Some students take private tuition classes only to improve in the subjects in which they are weak. It helps

them understand what is taught in class. But there are some naughty students who chat and distract the teacher and other students.

They forget that there are some students who depend only on the teacher and school for their education.

So all students must co-operate in class. And teachers too, must take some effort to help weak students who cannot afford tuition.

Suman Swamy, aged 14,
Sri Venkateshwara Vidyalaya,
Madras.

Dear Editor,

I blame both the politicians and the people for the Babri Masjid dispute. We all know that politicians work only for the benefit of their party and themselves? They'll do anything for that.

But can't the people think for themselves? Just think - if Lord Ram himself was here, and he saw the people demolish the masjid structure, would he like it?

R. Rajan,
Bahrain.

Dear Editor,

We would like to begin a new discussion on the way elders ill-treat us, youngsters. Our elder sisters sometimes tease and torture us so much that we are forced to tears. If we complain to our parents, they don't take any action at all, saying they are grown-up girls. So how can we beat them?

Can you help us?

N. Subramanya and N. Ashwin,
aged 12 and 11,
Bangalore.

Have you tried talking to your sisters about your problem? *Ed.*

Dear Editor,

Many think that machines are the servants of man. Yet, man has grown so dependent on them, that they have become our masters. So many men spend their lives looking after and waiting upon their machines!

They must be fed with petrol, deisel, or coal, kept in the right temperature.... Or the machines might just not work!

What do you think, readers?

Kalvin Gonsalves, Std. IX,
Deepvihar School,
Goa.

Dear Editor,

The recent invasion of Star T.V. has proved to be a nuisance to all students. It is

not that they are not a source of information, or that I don't like the programmes.

It is that all the programmes are so interesting, and the serials have such exciting ends, that you look forward to watching the next episodes.

Students forget homework and are scolded at home and at school.

I think other readers will agree with me.

G.R. Pillai,
Thane.

Dear Editor,

This is with reference to Rohit Roy's letter in the March issue. I don't fully agree with him on the question of equality between men and women.

In many cases, women dominate men, especially in family life.

T. Abhilash,
Erode - 638 002.

Dear Editor,

I agree with S. Srikanth (April issue) that teachers are partial towards the brighter students.

This way, the less-brighter ones are not given a chance at all.

Nalini R., aged 16,
Bangalore - 560 006.

Dear Editor,

I agree with Roopa Bommock (April issue). I find so many film crazy people imitate screen stunts in real life. One of my best friends did that after watching an English film, and broke his leg.

Films also influence the way youngsters talk and behave. Can't the education system do anything about it?

Anil Kumar, aged 15,
St. John's Matriculation H.S.S.,
Madras.

Dear Editor,

I agree with Roopa Bommock's viewpoint. While India makes the most number of films, only a few of them are of good quality.

D. Rajeshwarbabu,
Trivandrum - 695 009.

Dear Editor,

I agree with Roopa. I have seen students, especially boys, lie to their parents that they are going to school. But instead, they step at a movie theatre.

One of my friends is so crazy about movies that she never leaves a single film unseen.

Some others try to imitate movie stars, by copying the mannerisms, hairstyles, etc...

But I think it is okay to watch a movie once in a while.

Swarna A. Krishnan, aged 15,
Bhopal - 462 023.

Dear Editor,

With reference to the letter written by Amrita Ramakrishnan (March issue) I would like to share my experience at Goa. The method of education in Goa is different. Schools have only one session, from 8.00 a.m. to 1.30 p.m., till the college level. The tiny tots have still one hour less.

We are hardly given homework, as most of the lessons are taught and done in the class itself. KG students are taught only oral lessons.

Writing practise begins only during the 1st std. Using 100 page note-books for writing and sharing big text books with partners, help reduce the load of the school bag.

There are also audio-visual lessons, crafts, games, tiny library, nature club, dramatic club, singing, computers, etc. This pattern makes us want to go to school.

Thus, the school students in Goa, are a happy and relaxed lot.

C. Anuradha, Std. VII,
Sharada Mandir School, Goa.

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Velachery, Madras 600 042.

"BANG.... THUD!" down came my school bag. Off came my shoes and socks. Quickly I fished out a frock and rushing to the bedroom, I changed into it. Then washing my hands, and feet, I picked up the news-paper and sat at the dining table. Mom was there waiting for me. She said, "Suba, please remove your tiffin-box and put it in the sink for the maid to wash. Fetch yourself a glass of water — I will not do so."

I *(grumbling)* : "Come on now, mum! Don't start off...!"

Mom : "Listen Suba, you have to learn to do your own chores or you'll suffer later in life."

Making a face, I got up, put my box to wash, fetched myself a glass of water, and settled with the newpaper, eating at

the same time, when a loud exasperated exclamation came from above my my head.

Mom *(exasperated)* : "You careless girl! How many times have I told you to keep your shoes in the stand, put your socks and uniform to wash, and keep your bag on the study table, not throw it on the floor? Aren't you good for anything? The only thing you know is to eat, sleep and read story-books!"

I flew into a fit of rage and went upstairs. Grumbling and complaining, I did what she had said. Then,

I *(in a tone of bitter sarcasm)* : "Anything more mom? Now can I eat in peace? Or should I clean my whole room before I sit to eat?"

Mom *(in a cool voice)* : "Yes, your majesty! Clean up this room and Dopey's kennel too, before eating."

And she marched out of the room, leaving me scowling all over my face.

This was an everyday happening. And poor father,

did his best to keep out of the mother-daughter quarrels and tantrums. I studied well and could grasp things quickly, but was very lazy like Dopey, my dog, who was (if possible) even worse than I was. Though I could top my class, my laziness and carelessness — my main drawbacks, made me face second ranks many a time. At school, I had no really good friends because of my hot temper, and because, I was neither sportive, nor polite.

One fine afternoon, I was busy reading the latest issue of *'Gokulam'*, when I heard my mother's voice calling out to me.

Mom *(angrily)* : 'Suba why did you not keep your jewellery carefully in the proper place after yesterday's party? Now the gold ring is missing. Your father works hard to earn money for you and you waste it. Search for the ring now, and if you don't find it, no more renewing your subscriptions to any magazine. I'll set your whole rack of books ■ fire (though she didn't really mean it.)!"

I was scared, and cursed myself. Mom could be very hard in her punishments. Squatting on the floor, I began a frantic search for the ring. I did not find it. Mom resolved not to renew the subscriptions for *'Gokulam'*, *'Target'* and *'Children's World'* which were ending the next month. She also vowed not to buy me a new pair of shoes for which I had been troubling her for so long.

y quarterly exams had just come to an end. My papers came one by one. I hadn't managed to top any paper. But while telling Mom about them, I increased my marks (by words!). So all along she had the impression that I was topping my class. The day the report cards were to come, I was terribly scared. When mother saw my report, she first frowned, then her face clouded. She couldn't believe her eyes, she thought I was topping the class, but the reality was, that I

stood nowhere among the first three ranks! Her eyes met mine.

She never really cared about my rank. It was my lying that astounded her. Her temper rose. She slapped me, hard.

Mother thundered : "You lied, lied to me! My daughter lied to me! Unbelievable... disgusting; get out...! Out of my house, with that blasted dog of yours. Out!"

Crying bitterly, I got up and went out into the garden. A downcast Dopey, whose tail was down too, followed me. My head hung in shame. I felt like sinking into the bottom of the earth. Two whole hours, I wept bitterly. My eyes were swollen. They fell on the report, which lay near me (mom had flung it out too). A feeling of sudden repentence crept into my heart. I felt guilty and ashamed. Suddenly the gates clicked. Soft footsteps were heard. A voice....

Father : "Suba, Dopey! where's your mom?"

Mother *(still in a bad mood, with a cup of coffee)* : "Here's your coffee!"

Father *(glancing at her face and guessing something was wrong)* : "What's up?"

Mother : "Ask your precious daughter whom you have spoilt so much."

Father : "Where is she?"

Mother : "Out in the garden. Mind you, she will not enter the house."

Father came to me and spoke in a stern voice, "What's up?"

I replied (sobbing and gasping) : "I .... I am so sorry, but I lied to Mom, about my marks. But I am... re... really so... sorry.... sorry."

Father looked at my sad face and pulled me into the house. Mother glared at us. Her temper rose again. Father went to her.

Father : "Look dear, she is a child. Forgive her, she is sorry. Give her one more chance. She has vowed to be a better person. Now cool down."

Father had to leave for Delhi urgently that very evening. He had to be away for a day or two. He packed a small bag, waved us good bye, and rushed off.

After some time I saw Mom eating dinner.

"So, I have to go to bed hungry," I thought. But my hunger wouldn't let me sleep. I went out of my room. The lights in Mom's room were off. "So, she won't wish me good-night," I thought and tiptoed down the stairs. There in the kitchen, lay a plate of food for me. I munched it up hungrily, and went to bed.

The next morning I got up late. I washed and got ready quickly. Picking up my school bag I reached downstairs. My breakfast and tiffin-box lay ready on the table. Mom was nowhere in sight. After gulping down my breakfast I went to the kitchen. Mom was there cleaning the loft. In a small voice I said, "GOODBYE!" and raced off.

For about two-three days, Mom was in a bad mood. But soon, it wore off, and she softened a bit. I tried my best to be very careful in everything I did. I even sat up at night, working hard. Dopey too, seemed to be more active. I tried not to loose my temper at anything. Mom was pleased to

see me turn over a new leaf. And I, keeping my word, topped the class in the next exam.

"I think Suba," said my mother, smiling at me over the report card. "Maybe we'll renew those subscriptions again."

I bounded out of the house, smiling to myself, "Come on Dopey! Let's go for a walk!"

Suba Vasudevan, aged 12,
Bombay - 64.

Books for Summer!

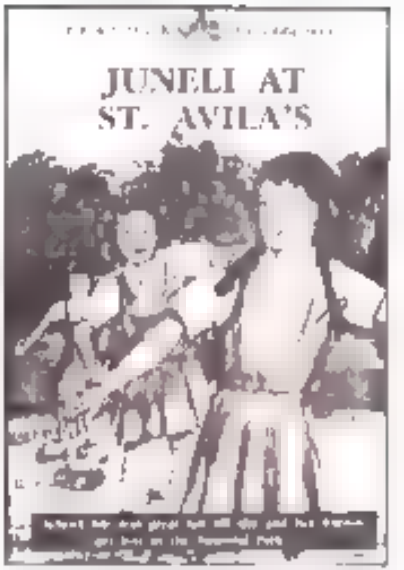
Harper Collins Publishers India Ltd., have brought out the Peacock series of books for children. They are an exciting variety of books — school stories, mystery stories, and many more.

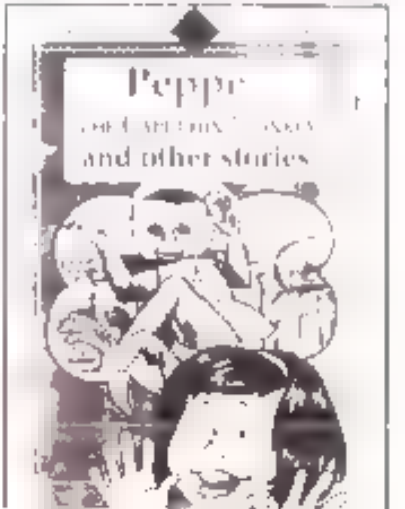
The Juneli series of school stories by Swapna Dutta are very similar to the St. Clare's and Malory Towers series by Enid Blyton. The only difference is that it is set in an Indian situation. They are absorbing works, and they do contain some bits of originality. They would be perfect for beginners, before they move on to Enid Blyton's original works. But those who have already read Enid Blyton will find the books a little too familiar.

In *'An Exciting Term'*, the author combines school life with a little mystery. In *'Repairs at St. Avila's'*, she shifts the setting to an old castle where mysterious and exciting things happen. It is the best book of the set of three. *'Juneli at St. Avila's'* is the first of this series.

'Teddy Comes to Stay' by the same author is about Ina, a student of St. Avila's, and her dog, Teddy. It is quite interesting and funny.

'Pepper, the Capuchin Monkey, and other stories' by Paro Anand contains both fiction and real life stories. It is a hilarious book which is both original and interesting. *'Pepper*





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the Capuchin Monkey' is a very funny and good story. '*They Called her Fats*' is about the childhood of Fatima Whitbread, who won a bronze medal at the Olympics, and later went on to become world champion at javelin. This book is a 'must' for anybody who loves reading.

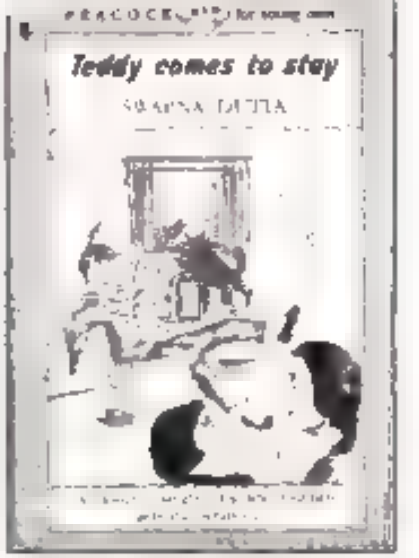
'***Abu's World***' by Gowri Ramnarayan is mainly for younger children. (Old 'Gokulam' readers will be quite familiar with the cheery Abu.) The short stories are all about Abu, who always seems to be bursting with energy. They are set in an Indian household, and the world of Abu with its ups and downs will make a good read even for teenagers.

'***Saloni and the Green Eyed Killer***' by Lovleen Kacker is a sophisticated murder mystery. It tells us about a fashion model Saloni, who is the target of a sinister killer for unknown reasons. The story contains a little blood and gore, and is advisable only for teenagers. It is well-written, and the suspense is well-kept. But the reader might not quite like some parts of the story, though there are some funny moments too.

'***Stories from other Lands***' has many short stories from several countries written by Rachael MacBean. '*The Queen's Earrings*'(Indonesia), and '*Milly, the Silly Cow*'(USA), are quite cute.

The books are priced at Rs.30/- each.

MILLIE



TRICKS

MAGIC 'KERCHIEF'

Here's a really good trick you can play at a party! All you need is a fairly big-sized hand kerchief and some show-talk.

Hold up the kerchief and tell everybody that you are going to do something really amazing. You are going to spread the kerchief on the floor; then make two people stand on it without ever being able to touch each other!

Your listeners will scoff at you.

Ask them, "Can any of you tell me how to do it?"

Tell them that they can't tear the kerchief or cut it in any way. When everybody gives up, show them how do it.

Go to the door of the room. Insert the opened out kerchief under the door such that one half of it is in one room, and the other half lies in the other room.

When the door is closed, two people can stand on the same kerchief without being able to touch each other!

■

INDOOR GAME

TELEGRAM!

Here is a fun-game that you and your friends can play during those hot afternoon hours. All you need are sheets of paper, pencils or pens.

The leader of the group says that a telegram of twelve words has to be sent, describing, say, a neighbourhood fight. Each word of the telegram has to begin with a certain letter of the alphabet. The leader then calls out the twelve letters from which each word begins.

Now the rest of the group will have to make up the telegram. You should also fix a certain time limit. Once the time is out, the telegrams will have to be read out aloud.

The funniest telegram can be given a prize.

■

Long Wait

My father is a newspaper agent. He often sent me to collect bills. Once, when I was on my rounds, a man came upto me and said, "I am your father's friend. Your father left some books in my house. Can you come with me now and collect them?"

I was quite close to my house now, and agreed. I began to walk with him. We walked two or three kilometres further.

"Do you have change for Rs. 50?" he asked me.

I had a lot of money with me, since I had spent the whole morning collecting paper bills.

"Yes," I replied.

"Give it to me," he said. "I've got the money in my house. I'll go in and get it for you."

By now, we were near a cluster of huts. He told me to wait and walked rapidly down a lane between some huts. I waited... and waited. There was no sign of him.

I was trembling by now. Had I been cheated? I was afraid, yet I stood there hoping and waiting.

By now, my whole family was out searching for me. My brother found me and took me home.

I had been fooled properly and well!

S. Karthik, aged 13,
Bangalore - 560 082.

Q : What kind of clothing lasts longest?
A : Underwear, because it is never 'worn' outside!

P. Smitha, aged 13,
Bangalore - 560 076.

Q : What did one hall tell another hall?
A : "Hallo!"

A. Asha, aged 12,
Madras 600 050.

Q : What is the difference between ocean and land?
A : Land is 'dirty' and the ocean is 'tidy'.

R. Meena,
Madras - 600 090.

Origami

Origami is the traditional Japanese art of paper folding. Fascinating things can be made from coloured paper, if you can learn this art. And its easy too!

Materials required :

Various coloured paper in different sizes

A pair of sharp scissors

Some glue.

Some basic rules to be followed in origami :

Fold in the reverse direction of dotted line

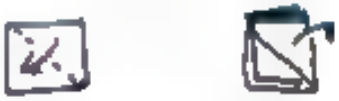
Fold along dotted line in the direction of the another.

Cut.

Origamic 'sculptures for a sea scape:

Boat : Use oil paper in red, green and purple sheets of size 4" X 4".

Fold one layer



Fold remaining 3 layers on the other side.

Insert a finger in this gap...

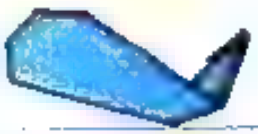
... and open out

to make your boat!

Whale : Use oil paper of black colour, size 6" X 6".

Fold each of the 2 papers towards the inside.

Cut the tip of the tail a bit.



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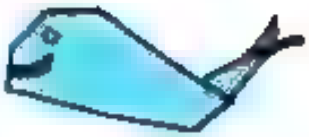


Finish the face with a pen or crayon.

Gold Fish : Use oil paper in orange and yellow colours, size 4" X 4".

Reverse.

Fold up the top side of sheet.

Form the tail by putting D over C.

Paste the bottom to form a ring.

'Make a 'Farm House' : Use tinted board red colour, size 10" X 10".

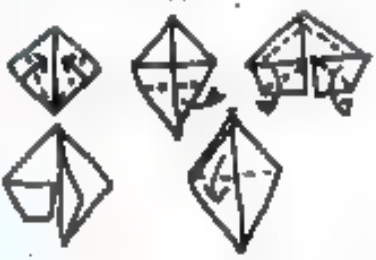
Fold the other part the same way.

Open up the inside outward.

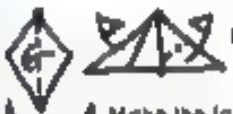
Draw doors and windows.

A Rooster : Use fluorescent paper, colour 5" X 5".

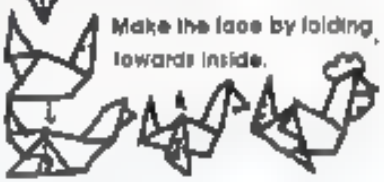
Fold down the upper side of the sheet.



Open out the other side the same way.



Fold it inward along the lines.



Make the face by folding towards inside.

l—k—fold the other side the same way.

Make cuts in the tail.

By attaching a coscomb* you can make a rooster.

* use yellow oil paper.

A dog : Use tinted board orange colour, size 6" X 6".

The face :

Fold it towards inside.

Attach the face and body together. Stick or draw eyes and nose. The farmhouse dog is ready!

Now for their master/ mistress.

Cut a piece of white card in the shapes given below.

Cut their dresses— .... in two colours.

Use tinted board in blue for one, and fluorescent yellow for one.

Fold a piece of brown, yellow or black crepe paper for their hair.

Now assemble these pieces together. Draw or paste eyes, and mouth.

Make hats : Use one paper in fluoroscent green and one in blue size 3" X 3".

Turn over

Turn over

Insert the parts folded in step into the hat.

Place on the head of the boy and the girl..

Make a large hat out of newspaper for yourself!

Glossary :

Oil paper and crepe paper
Available in almost any fancy store.
Tinted board fluorscent paper @ Rs. 4.50 per sheet.
Available in stationery stores.

Concept and illustration : RANGASHREE

CATTY SONIA!

Sonia was a catty little girl who loved to make fun of people. Whomever she saw, she commented upon. And she simply enjoyed doing it.

When her friend Ditto came to play tennis with her the other day, she simply giggled her head off.

"Oh Ditto!" she giggled. "You have such skinny legs!"

Poor Ditto simply stood there staring at his skinny legs, feeling very, very self-conscious and embarrased, while their other friends stood there and smirked.

The day she visited Appu Patti* down the lane with her mother, her comments were simply atrocious.

"Oooh! Mummy!" cried Sonia in a theatrical whisker. "Patti's got whiskers!"

Indeed! Poor Appu Patti did have little hairs all over her upper lip and jaw. But it simply wasn't nice of Sonia to say so.

Appu Patti heard it, so did an embarrased Sonia's mother.

"Behave yourself!" Sonia's mother hissed at her.

"Oh! Let her be!" exclaimed Appu Patti. "It seems that I do have a set of whiskers."

That was very sporting of her, but Sonia did get a good scolding at home. Not that it stopped her habit one bit.

When her cousin Bindu came visiting she cried, "Whatever made you wear such a horrible pink frock!"

Sonia's poor mother simply shook her head in despair.

Then Sonia made a mistake. She laughed at the stray cat that wandered into their backyard, "Oooh! What a ratty-looking cat! Ha, ha, ha!"

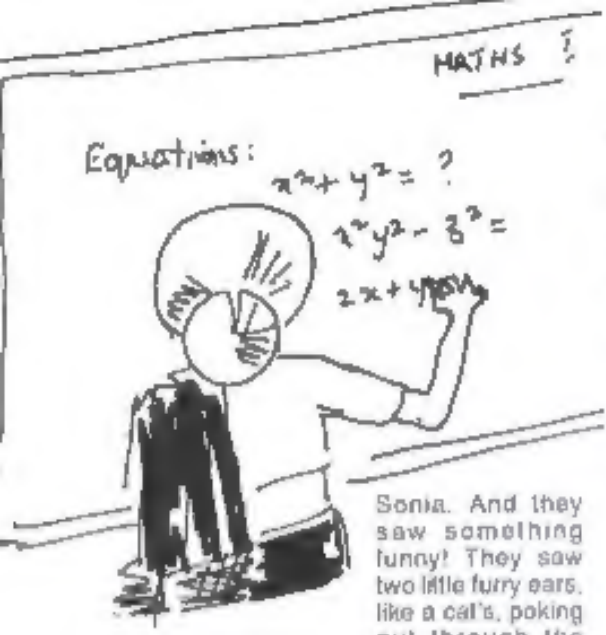
The 'ratty'-looking cat turned, gave Sonia a long, cool look, jumped over the wall, and vanished.

Sonia stopped laughing, for a chill ran down her spine. But she soon forgot the incident.

That very day in school, she commented loudly as Mrs. Abraham wrote on the blackboard, "Look at teacher's fingers! Don't they look like claws?"

The whole class sat up, looked at poor Mrs. Abraham's fingers. Then they turned to look ■

* granny



Sonia. And they saw something funny! They saw two little furry ears, like a cat's, poking out through the curls on Sonia's head! And at the corners of Sonia's laughing mouth, were fine black and white whiskers! Catty little Sonia had really turned into a cat!

"Hey!" cried Dilip. "Sonia's become a cat!"

"Hooo!" shouted Sumita. "Look at those ears!"

"And those whiskers!"

"Catty Sonia!"

The comments and shouts flew thick and fast.

"Quiet children!" cried Mrs. Abraham. "Quiet!"

But the whole class was in an uproar.

Sonia, who had to her horror, felt the soft furry ears and stiff whiskers, fled.

She ran out of class, and did not stop running till she reached home.

"Oh mummy!" she cried, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "I've grown ears and whiskers!"

"What Sonia?" asked her mother puzzled.

"Ears mummy! And whiskers! Like a cat's!"

"Where?" asked her mother. "Where, dear?"

"Here!" cried Sonia, feeling her head and her face.

They were gone!

"Well...." muttered Sonia. And she burst into fresh tears as she told her mother of her humiliation in class.

Her mother did not say anything. Sonia had learnt from experience!

And the next time, the stray cat wandered into their compound, Sonia called out to it, "Pussy! Puss! Come!"

The cat slowly came over.

"I am sorry," said Sonia. "I really am."

SANDY

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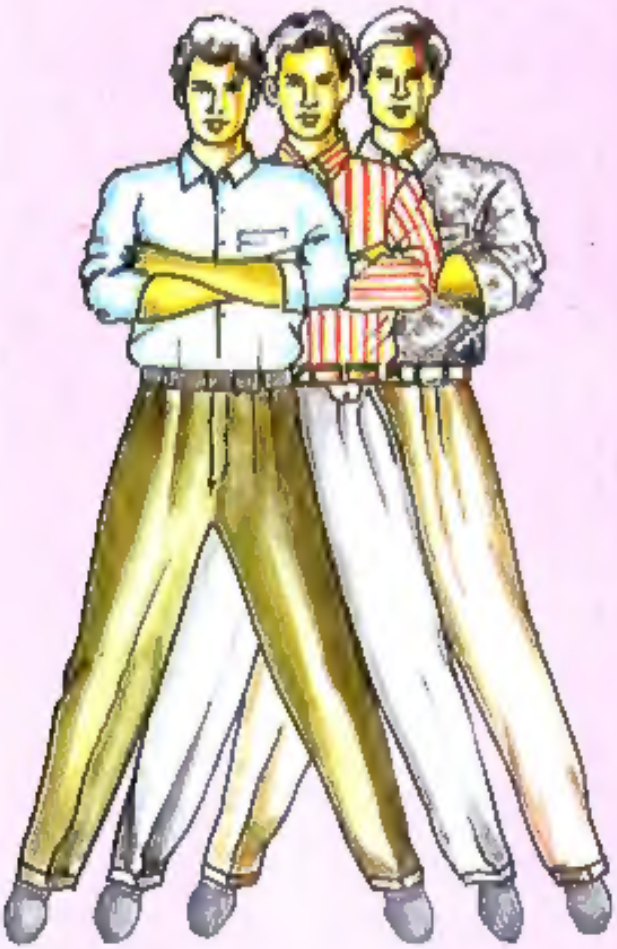
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